The Boston Weekly Globe.

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NATIONAL POLITICS.

Gossip in New York About the Presidential Race.

The Scandal Exploded—What Higginson Thinks About the Stories.

Henry Ward Beecher to take the Stump for Cleveland.

NEW YORK, August 11.—Today the National Democratic Committtee opens the campaign. In the absence of Chairman Barnum, who is in the West, Senator Gorman of Maryland stands at the head of affairs. Letters by the thousand come pouring upon his desk asking for money, campaign speakers and speeches, and presenting innumerable schemes of the wildest nature to carry cities, States and the nation for the Democracy. One enthusiast from Indiana proposed that the national committee manufacture and equip several thousand balloons, each to bear the legend, "Vote for Cleveland and Hendricks," and that these air ships be cut adrift on some moonless night simultaneously from every city and town in the Union. They would infallibly drive superstitious voters into the ranks of the Democracy. Another scheme is that the national committee purchase a few million of miniature dodgers similarly inscribed, and in the form of wafers, that by being pasted upon every available spot between Boston and San Francisco, they shall appeal for the suffrages of a free people. China plates, stamped with portraits of the Democratic candidates, were advocated for distribution among the poor with the same object in view. The secretary assured these gentlemen that the national committee does not deal in crockery and has no aeronauts or bill posters in its employ.

Most of the letters relating to the progressive march of Democratic ideas of course predict victory in November. Mr. Baker, member of the national committee for West Virginia, writes in a compassionate strain concerning the hopeless lost labor of Steve Elkins in that State, and promises to the Democratic standard bearer a majority of 15,000. It is acknowledged, however, that the coming campaign will be one of sensational surprises, which are past finding out by the most astute of political prophets.

The national executive sub-committee holds its first council of war, and the spirit of Andrew Jackson, perhaps, knows what they will do. There has been thus far a conspicuous absence of red fire and flourishing of trumpets, calculated to produce an impression that masterly inactivity prevails in this political centre; but such is not the case in either party, especially so at the Republican headquarters, which are located in the midst of the Fifth avenue aristocracy, near Twenty-eighth street. Between these two political tabernacles there is a great gulf fixed by mutual consent, and the venerable B. F. Jones, who presides at the Republican love feast, betrays no interest whatever regarding affairs at No. 11. Diligent interviewing among the frequenters of the Fifth avenue mansion failed today to establish any serious apprehension of an inimical administration next March. Here, as at No. 11,

Roseate-Hued Reports are Hourly Received

from every State and territory. A letter from Gallipolis, O., pledges to Blaine and Logan a majority of 50,000 in that State. A gentleman in the Palmetto State, who has travelled in both Carolinas, writes: "As regards South Carolina, it can be faithfully said that with a fair and impartial vote, this State is most assuredly Republican, but owing to the nefarious methods used by the minority the vote of the majority is annulled. This has disgusted many former Democrats, who, including myself, have joined the Republican ranks."

Mr. Jones says he has absolute knowledge that never before in the history of his party has its organization been so perfect, notably so in the State of New York. Blaine was the original choice of twenty-five of the thirty-three Republican districts in the State, and before the nomination of Cleveland he considered New York, Albany and Buffalo the only doubtful cities. Buffalo now promised a majority of 5000 votes against its former mayor, and in the metropolis even Butler is credited with sufficient strength to poll more votes than Cleveland. In Massachusetts and Michigan Butler's following is conceded to be very large, composed, however, principally of anti-Clevelandites, who, had the anti-monopolist champion not been in the field, might have been won back to the regular Democratic ticket, but were at all hazards lost to Republicanism. Very ingenious and plausible are the arguments presented pro and con the German vote, which is so potent a factor for victory or defeat.

"Before I turn up my toes to the daisies," exclaimed a veteran Republican, "I expect to see our national and State patronage divided between the Germans and the Irish, and we Americans will be in great luck if we hold the balance of power."

"Where are the German strongholds?"

"In Wisconsin, Ohio, Iowa and New York City. In the City Hall of Cincinnati I have found it well nigh impossible to transact any business without the aid of an interpreter. It was a Democratic legislature elected by German votes that passed the Scott liquor law, and no German who sells or drinks beer will fail to remember this."

It is whispered that money will not be wanting in the approaching conflict. The attaches of the Democratic headquarters speak with envy of the munificent salaries paid the workers for Blaine. No figures, however, are given.

Among the visitors at the Fifth avenue headquarters during the past few days have been C. B. Nettleton of Dayton, O., E. O. Eshlby of Cincinnati, J. M. Schoonmaker of Pittsburg, Hon. M. B. Scott of Wheeling, Richard S. Tuthill and Charles L. Easton of Chicago, Calvin Manning, who was a delegate to the National Convention from Iowa, and General John Jardine, who gave the writer some spirited opinions on the alleged solidity of the South for the Democracy.

"You can see the young Democracy of the South," he said, "idling on the cross roads, chewing tobacco and whittling wood. You see negro and white laborers earning $4 and $5 per day in the cotton field, but

These Young Democrats Will Starve

rather than work with "niggers." All that we want in the South," continued the general, "is a fair count next November and the introduction of Northern capital and protection against foreign competition." The general has had much severe military experience in the South and may be supposed to know whereof he speaks.

John F. Henry relinquished the drug business for ten minutes today in order to discuss anti-monopoly with the United Press representative. He will open the campaign for Butler next Monday with a mass meeting, at 113 Liberty street. He invites all members of the Anti-Monopolist party, all laboring men and Greenbackers or Nationalists to assemble for conference at Saratoga on the 14th. Then at Chicago on August 16 Mr. Henry will call a convention to nominate a vice-president for General Butler. General West of Mississippi stands a fair chance of securing this honor.

"We are," said Mr. Henry, "about to spring some affidavits and unsuspected truths about the other presidential candidates in this campaign that will leave the laboring man and conscientious voter no choice but to support Butler."

"From which party will Butler draw most of his support?"

"In the ratio of two from the Democratic to one from the Republican party."

"What are your unsuspected truths?"

"One of them is a bargain which we shall undertake to prove to have been made between Governor Cleveland and W. C. Kingsley, owner of the Brooklyn Eagle, that if Kingsley could and would pledge to Cleveland the united support of the Brooklyn delegation to the national convention the Governor would engage to sign the Brooklyn reservoir bill, which will doubtless be presented for the executive approval next January, and which four years ago was passed by the Legislature, but vetoed by Governor Cornell as an outrageous steal."

"How do you know this?"

"We have it from private sources, which will be divulged at the proper time. It's only one of our guns. The Anti-Monopolists are rapidly gaining strength and organization, and will cut no mean figure at the polls."

And so speculation runs riots, the wish inspires the words, the laboring man is claimed with equal positiveness by the managers of Blaine, Butler and Cleveland.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY.

What the Plumed Knight and the Maine Republicans Have Been Doing the Past Week.

AUGUSTA, August 9.—It has been a busy week with the Republican candidate. Leaving Bar Harbor in a rainstorm Monday, he rested at Augusta a day and a half and then went to Portland, where the business men gave him a reception, which was attended by 3000 persons. There were many speeches delivered, including a brief address by the candidate, after which he shook hands with the major portion of those present. Thursday he went to Old Orchard to the soldiers' reunion. A tremendous crowd was present and more speeches were made. An even dozen Republicans, mostly office-holders, acted as a body guard for Mr. Blaine from Portland to Old Orchard. The speeches were made by Governor Robie, ex-Governor Connor, Congressman Reed, Colonel Carr of Colorado, W. F. Lunt, all office-holders. One or two others also spoke. Mr. Blaine also made a speech. Friday he came on the muster grounds at Augusta a short time to see the citizen soldiers, but he did not stay long. He had more important work in hand, in the shape of a consultation with his political allies, Captain Boutelle and Postmaster Manly, with whom he was closeted a long time. Later he went to Bar Harbor to rest. He has promised to be at Lake Maranacook Tuesday, sure, when the Republicans hold a mass meeting, but he is not expected to speak.

This meeting will be the formal opening of the campaign in Maine. At its close Mr. Blaine returns to Bar Harbor. His future movements are unknown, except that he is expected to attend the meeting at Strong, August 19, when the thirtieth anniversary of the Republican party will be celebrated.

THE SCANDAL EXPLODED.

Cleveland Not Guilty of Seduction or Abduction.

BUFFALO, August 10.—In a long editorial leader tomorrow morning, the Courier will offer a refutation of the charges against Governor Cleveland. The following are extracts from the article:

"When the scandal against Governor Cleveland was first published, the Courier did not notice it. The newspaper in which it appeared was known to be both sensational and venal, and the reputation of the man behind the newspaper who was found to be primarily responsible for the scandal was by no means as sacred as his calling. So it seemed good to trust to the character of Mr. Cleveland as a shield against the arrows of slander. It has been difficult to endure the constant challenges to speak in his defence. To the Courier many of these challenges have been specially directed, and we have determined to answer them finally, not so much because we think them worthy of notice as because silence may be misconstrued. The charges were cunningly concocted and the misrepresentation so mingled with circumstantial detail that no mere denial would suffice. Investigation was necessary to disentangle the slender thread of truth from the web of slander, and it is on the basis of such an investigation that we speak. The Buffalo Telegraph made only one accusation in detail wherein names, dates and places were given. It has been possible to trace this case and refute the charges based upon it. They may be pronounced false in all essential particulars. The slanderous story accuses Governor Cleveland of seduction, abduction and cruelty; and evidence can be produced to disprove each one of these charges. There was no seduction; the woman in the case was not a young girl, but a widow. There was no abduction; the separation of the mother and her child by the removal of the former to an inebriate asylum, was the act of the authorities of the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, taken mainly in the interest of the latter. The infant had been ntrusted to the care of the Orphan Asylum, and then withdrawn by the mother, and the authorities interfered and took possession of the child again only when informed that it was in danger. There was no such agreement in the settlement of the case as has been reported. Every other accusation made in the Telegraph lacks definiteness. It is said Governor Cleveland came home from Albany one Saturday night, went to a saloon with three friends, ordered liquors sent out for four women and passed the succeeding Sunday in a drunken orgie with these companions. The editor of the paper has refused to give the date of the event, the name of the saloon-keeper and the names of the alleged companions of the Governor; and as he is the only one who ever heard of the affair no clew can be obtained for its investigation. The same may be said about the story that two reputable citizens once found Governor Cleveland fighting with another lawyer in a saloon for the possession of a woman. The Governor's friends can only recall one incident that might have served as the foundation for the tale; it occurred at a dinner some twenty years ago, when he and a young companion were skylarking in consequence of a practical joke played by another of the company; but there was no woman present at all and the scuffling was a mere piece of pleasantry."

With regard to another letter written by the Rev. George H. Ball, charging that the Governor and another lawyer visited their club house on Grand Island, "a place of drunkenness and lust, and the three were beastly drunk on their return to the city," and that one of them, Oscar Folsom, fell from the carriage and broke his neck, the Courier's article says: "In August, 1875, Oscar Folsom of this city, while out driving with Warren F. Miller, was thrown from his buggy and killed. Mr. Cleveland had not been with either Mr. Folsom or Mr. Miller that day, but was in his room in company with George S. Wardwell when the news came of the death of their friend. All these gentlemen were members of the Beaver Island Club, but Messrs. Folsom and Miller had not visited the club on the day in question. . . .

"The Beaver Island Club was not a place of 'drunkenness and lust,' but a respectable river club, organized on the same plan as the present Oakfield and Falconwood clubs, where the members habitually took their wives and families."

Then follows a list of the names of the very prominent citizens connected with the club. The article concludes by saying:

"The citizens of Buffalo know these so-called facts of the Rev. George H. Ball's to be wicked, malicious lies; if they did not, the publication of this list of names would be a sufficient refutation. Any refusal of these gentlemen to deny the imputation that they were in the habit of taking their wives and families to a place of "drunkenness and lust" is quite unnecessary, and inasmuch as none of them are candidates for public office such refusal will not be taken as an admission of the alleged fact.

COLONEL HIGGINSON'S VIEWS.

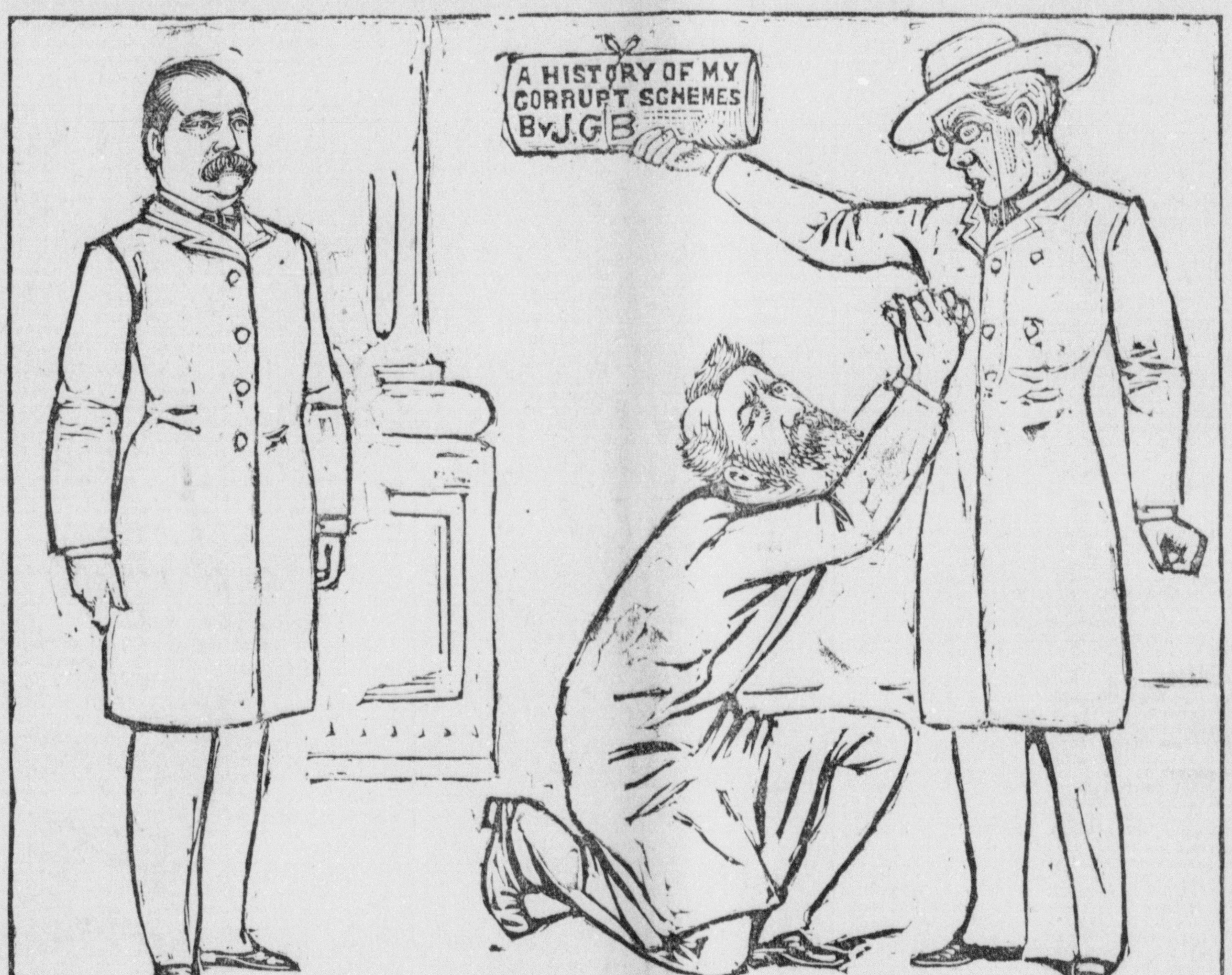
Reasons Why the Scandal Concerning Cleveland Should Not Affect His Political Standing.

The following is from a letter in the Woman's Journal by Colonel T. W. Higginson:

It does not need much experience of human life to prove that the most damaging of all charges to make, against man or woman, are those in respect to the virtue of chastity. This proceeds not only from the seriousness of the matter, but from the fact that such charges, once made, are sure to be remembered and are almost impossible to disprove. Even legal investigation—as has been shown in very conspicuous cases—is powerless, and, however prolonged, is apt to leave the matter just where it was before. Again, there is no charge so capable of exaggeration. Let a man or woman once swerve from virtue and no life of stainless propriety thenceforward can convince the harsh critic that all is well. In one respect this is creditable to the community, for it shows the high value placed on this virtue. In another respect it is discreditable, for it shows a love of gossip, and of prurient gossip. In the late statements about Governor Cleveland there is mingled a worse element than these; the element of political antagonism. Does any one suppose that the Boston Journal would have sent a special reporter to interview people in Maine in regard to the personal offences of the Republican nominee? Does any one attribute a lofty moral purpose to the editor of the obscure little sheet in Buffalo that has suddenly leaped into national fame as the savior of the Republican party? Of course truth is truth, from whatever source it comes, but calm and judicial truth in a difficult question of private action rarely comes from the heat of politics. Political debate can deal, though imperfectly, with public acts, because these are matters of public record, accessible to all. But facts of private life, whose evidence lies mainly in rumor and gossip, are rarely to be found justly or even decently handled by political editors or committees.

Mr. Cleveland is, in the opinion of many reformers, including myself, a man of such admirable public career as to leave no comparison in this respect between him and his leading rival. Were men to be supported in public life for public services alone—as was the case in what we call "the better days of the republic"—the case would be clear. Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton were thus supported, in spite of just censure on the very point now concerned; Washington himself did not escape aspersion, which history has not sustained. But I am ready to admit that in this respect times have changed for the better. A man habitually and openly profligate could not now, probably, be elected to high office. To carry the claim farther and say that any man who has once in his life, even in early youth, sinned against chastity, should be forever after excluded from public service would be urging the scruple, in my opinion, much too far. If this view is correct, the question in regard to Mr. Cleveland is greatly simplified. All the mass of indecent trash that is now being circulated by political committees really bears upon a single transaction—enormously exaggerated, as far as I can find out, but still highly culpable—which took place some fifteen years ago, when he was thirty-three years old. Deeply as I deplore that transaction, I must distinctly decline to abandon, for that reason only, a candidate whose public record is so admirable. It must be proved to my satisfaction, not merely that he committed one such culpable act at that time, but that he habitually commits such acts today. Of this, I am bound to say, I have not yet seen one ray of positive evidence. Against it there stands the manly telegraphic message sent by him to his friend in respect to these charges, "Tell the truth"; an answer which will be quoted and remembered, if I mistake not, when falsehoods and exaggerations are forgotten.

No evidence has been brought forward—and it is a wonder that some alleged proof, real or fictitious, has not been forthcoming—to show that Governor Cleveland's present habits are any thing but correct, in private as in public. There are clergymen in Buffalo who think ill of him and others who are as strongly in his favor. Experience teaches that even clergymen are not infallible. I know some very worthy men in that profession who regard every one who drinks lager beer as a drunkard; and who are unable to conceive of a single lapse from virtue as not staining a person forever. But there lies before me a private letter from a Buffalo clergyman, who says to me after quoting the opinions of men of high character: "My own personal acquaintance with Mr. Cleveland confirms the statements above made, and I am sure that the sin of his early manhood is the only one, and that his professional and private life since has been and is correct. His fellow-citizens in Buffalo so estimate him, for he is honored and respected by all classes." Who shall decide when doctors—of divinity—disagree? Legal investigation is impossible, and would, as experience has shown, be worthless if applied. Public character is a thing of which all can judge, and which is often judged more correctly at a distance than near home. But the test of private character is in the concurrence of opinion among a man's own neighbors—the unconscious verdict of the community where he dwells. What the verdict is in regard to Grover Cleveland the citizens of Buffalo, without regard to party, have shown.



"TELL THE TRUTH"

was the prompt and fearless telegram of GROVER CLEVELAND in response to inquiries from friends as to what they should say in reply to the assaults upon him. His letters are not a nightmare to him. "Tell the truth" is all he had to say.

MR. MULLIGAN TO MR. BLAINE: "SHALL I 'TELL THE TRUTH'?"

When Mr. Blaine found that his acts were to be brought out by Mr. Mulligan in Washington his attitude was somewhat different. We quote the Associated Press despatch from Washington of June 1, 1876:

"James Mulligan said he wanted to make a statement before continuing his examination. He said that when he arrived here a note came down from Mr. Blaine requesting the witness and Mr. Fisher to call at his house; witness declined to go, but Mr. Fisher went. After witness testified yesterday, Mr. Blaine called upon him and asked him about some letters which were in his possession, and wanted witness to give them up to him, but witness declined to do so. Witness said Mr. Blaine almost got down on his knees and pleaded for the letters, saying they would ruin him for life, and when witness further declined Mr. Blaine asked him to think of his wife and six children. He besought witness and almost contemplated suicide. He offered to get him a consulship in return for the letters. Witness allowed Mr. Blaine to take them under a pledge that he would return them. He looked them over and did return them. This was in the presence of Mr. Fisher and Mr. Atkins. Witness then retired to his room and Blaine followed him and wanted to look at the letters again. Witness allowed Mr. Blaine to take them, and Mr. Blaine refused to return them and still retains them. There were about eighteen letters.

BEECHER MEANING BUSINESS.

Having Had the Charges Against Governor Cleveland Investigated He Is Determined to Take the Stump in His Support.

PEEKSKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON, August 6.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher passed the entire morning listening to a statement by General Horatio C. King of Brooklyn. General King has just returned from Buffalo, where he has been making for Mr. Beecher a careful investigation of the stories in circulation about Governor Cleveland. The result is entirely favorable to the Governor, and Mr. Beecher is delighted.

Mr. Beecher said this morning: "I have been undergoing a judicial process; I have been down in the mud, but now the clouds are breaking away, and I am beginning to understand that these stories about Cleveland are untrue and a vile slander. I expect to brand the men who promulgated them as blackmailers and liars, for I now expect the Governor acted the part of a man in this affair. I shall take the stump for him, and tell the people of this country that they must elect him president. I shall enter this campaign with an enthusiasm second only to that with which I entered the war. Take my word for it, this scandal, if false, will make Governor Cleveland president." Mr. Beecher said he felt like another man, and that a great weight had been lifted off his mind.

General King learned that all the libels against the Governor had for their foundation the story published with substantial accuracy in the New York Post yesterday. No one can be found to father the calumnies except Elder Ball, the pastor of a small Baptist Church and formerly an employe in the custom house. Ball was a political striker in 1881. He demanded and received $50 for alleged services to the Independent Republicans. In a recent canvass, he begged $250 from Senator Titus, and a like sum from H. R. Jones, county treasurer, both Democrats. A committee of three Independent Republicans, composed of a leading clergyman, a lawyer and a merchant, on Monday demanded of the editor of the Buffalo Telegraph the proofs which he said he was ready to produce. He was greatly alarmed, and on the plea of sickness asked for delay. The committee will make a thorough investigation and give the facts to the public as soon as the Telegraph gives its reply.

The Dr. Mitchell who figures with Ball as a supporter of his charges is from Washington, and is an intimate friend of Mr. Blaine. He has publicly admitted that he knows nothing except by hearsay, and that his informant is Ball.

F. D. Locke, partner of Sherman S. Rogers, and an intimate friend of Mitchell's, has withdrawn from his church and other leading members have also withdrawn until he publicly retracts his statement. There is much excitement in Buffalo and the most prominent people denounce the authors of the slanders. The report of the committee may be expected in a day or two.

HENDRICKS INTERVIEWED.

Cleveland Just the Man to Win the Victory—He Places No Credence in the Reported Disaffection of Irish-Americans.

SARATOGA, N. Y., August 7.—THE GLOBE representative accompanied Thomas A. Hendricks last evening as far as Albany on his way to New York, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with the candidate for vice-president. Mr. Hendricks expressed himself as gratified with the prospects of the campaign. He firmly believes in the certain victory for the Democratic ticket.

Concerning Governor Cleveland, he said: "I am much pleased with him. I have observed his course with interest from the day he took his seat as governor. He has not disappointed my expectations. When I met him last week and heard him talk I learned to esteem him even more highly. He is growing, and his strength will increase every day of the canvass."

Regarding the alleged defection of Irish votes, he said: "I do not believe it will occur to any extent in the East, and I know it will not in the West. I have a large acquaintance with the Irish throughout Indiana, and they know that my sympathies have always been toward ameliorating their condition in Ireland and helping them towards comfort here. From my mother's mother I inherited Celtic blood, and I naturally feel an interest for the race."

The Governor will go from New York to Block Island, and may then possibly return here for a short stay. He said he would go home about September 1, and begin an active participation in the canvass in his own State. When THE GLOBE correspondent left him, he said: "Rest assured, young man, that if it comes to a pinch, Governor Cleveland has backbone enough not to stand by and see himself counted out."

CLEVELAND'S CALLERS

Bring Encouraging Reports, and Find His Letter of Acceptance Almost Ready.

ALBANY, August 6.—This has been an important day in political work for the Democratic party. A company of notable leaders arrived for consultation with Governor Cleveland and Daniel Manning, for organizing and pushing on the Democratic strength at leading points.

General Franz Sigel was the first to arrive. He reached the executive chamber at 8.30 this morning, and found Governor Cleveland already at work. A conference of an hour and a half occurred. The news the general gives of the German movement toward Cleveland confirms the reports before prevailing. He said to me: "I can tell the whole case in a word. Heretofore 70 per cent. of the Germans have voted Republican. This year, in my judgment, over 85 per cent. will vote Democratic. They are strongest in the States which the Republicans must have, and which the Democrats do not need to carry. The States the Germans will carry for Clevelaad will make the Democratic victory national and overwhelming in its magnitude.

Succeeding General Sigel, General Cluny was closeted with the Governor. The two had come down from Saratoga and will shortly leave for San Francisco. They declare that California will go for Cleveland by 10,000 majority. General Cluny has offered to bet $10,000, $5000 or $1000 on California, but has found no Republican takers.

William C. Kingsley the well-known Democratic leader of Brooklyn, afterward had an extended interview with the Governor and Mr. Manning. He predicts from Brooklyn the largest majority for Cleveland that any presidential candidate every received there.

Early tonight Carter Harrison arrived from Chicago. He is reasonably confident of carrying Illinois, and declares he has the evidence to justify the confidence. He reports a wholesale German secession from Blaine, and says the Democrats were never so numerous or determined. From 8.30 to midnight tonight Harrison was in conference with Governor Cleveland.

The Governor said to me tonight: "I have not yet begun my letter of acceptance, but I shall not be long about it when I begin. You may be sure it will be short. I shall try to leave no important subject untouched." It is ascertained that the reform of the Federal administration will be the main topic. All but the mere writing of the letter has been attended to. The Governor does not sit down to write until he has completely made up his mind what he will say and in what form he will put it. Then he composes rapidly.

The impression has been that Governor Cleveland is not in good health because he will go to the Adirondacks with his physician. There is no foundation for that impression. Dr. S. B. Ward, the Governor's medical attendant, is also his intimate friend. He has started to the Adirondacks the first week in August for the last five years, and the Governor has done the same thing at the same time for twice that period. The Governor's health is excellent.

FOR AMERICANS ONLY.

A New Party that Proposes to Draw the Line on Foreigners.

The National Executive Committee of the American Political Alliance was in session in this city Tuesday and prepared an address. The alliance will open headquarters at the Tremont House, August 15, and proposes putting a full electoral ticket in the field, to be announced September 5. W. L. Ellsworth is chairman of the committee.

The national committee is now in session to make a choice of candidates. It is thought that either ex-Governor Clark of New York or ex-Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania will receive the nomination for president, while some Democrat will be selected to fill second place. The committee claims that the new party will poll 77,000 votes in the State of New York alone. The opening sentences of an address, which was issued yesterday, read as follows:

1876—AMERICAN POLITICAL ALLIANCE.—1884.

"Sound the Alarm." Ring the bells on every village green in the land. Down with the attempt to elect a president of the United States by aid of a concentrated foreign, or naturalized, vote. "Americans to rule America." It becomes necessary, when foreigners organize political bodies composed of naturalized voters purely, for the American born voters to place an American ticket for the American voters without distinction of party to vote on, for president and vice-president of the United States at the coming election.

Another address will be issued August 15. It is proposed to organize clubs, and start at once upon a vigorous campaign.

DEMOCRATS IN COUNCIL.

Important Conference at Headquarters—Letter on the Situation from Colonel Jonas H. French.

Prominent Democrats from various parts of the State met at the headquarters of the State Central Committee Thursday to consult as to the best manner of conducting the campaign.

General Butler's letter to the Sun, declaring it to be his intention to run, was discussed, and the sentiment of the assembled chieftains was that they were glad he had finally defined his position. The general estimate of his vote in this State did not exceed 15,000, and that the Independent vote for Cleveland would more than make up the deficiency was believed by the cheerful Democracy. At 11.30 the conference closed their door and began to talk on the condition of the party. Congressman Collins was in the chair, and Colonel Coveney acted as secretary.

Measures were taken looking to the distribution of campaign documents. Reports received from representatives of different parts of the State indicated a strong feeling for earnest work in all sections.

The following letter from Colonel Jonas H. French was read:

BOSTON, August 7 1884.

DEAR SIR—Until late last evening I intended to be present at the meeting today for consultation, and also to say a word at the ratification meeting Friday night, but an important matter in New York calls me there this evening. The morning papers announce that General Butler is to run as a candidate of various organizations for the presidency.

I regret his decision, and part political companionship with him with sorrow.

But I am a Democrat, and because I am I propose to support the candidates of the party. They were fairly and honorably nominated, represent broad and practical Democracy, and I see no reason why they should not receive the unqualified indorsement, not only of every Democrat, but of all who seek reform and honest government.

One thing is certain: One of the two prominent candidates will be elected. A third only adds confusion to the canvass. Does not Grover Cleveland represent, better than Blaine, the ideas of those of us who desired General Butler's nomination? I believe he does. So far as a pressing business will allow me to respond, command my services. Very truly, yours,

JONAS H. FRENCH.

Hon. P. A. Collins, chairman.

ST. ALBANS, VT., REPUBLICANS.

Disaffected Ones Propose to Put an Independent Ticket in the Field.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., August 9.—John Le Burroughs of Kalamozoo, Mich., addressed the Republicans of this place last evening. He was obliged to go into Opera Hall on account of difficulty with his throat. He dwelt largely of "free ballot and fair count;" said nothing about Cleveland, but said Hendricks' sympathies were wholly with the South. He said if Vermont Democrats were representative Democrats he would be willing to have the administration change. The enthusiasm was not very strong. Disaffected Republicans in this county have called a mass meeting to put in nomination a ticket to beat the straight Republican ticket. The Democrats of the county have a strong ticket, and there is a good prospect ahead.

Candidate St. John.

NEW LONDON, August 9.—The managers of the State Baptist seaside resort at Niantic are arranging for a grand temperance mass meeting in the tabernacle at an early date in the month. There will be delegates from all the temperance societies in the State, and a great audience is expected. The chief attraction will be a speech from St. John, the Prohibition candidate for president.

For richness of biographical material, St. John of the Prohibitionists leads all the rest. He ran away from his father in Indiana at the age of 12; was a husband at 19, and a widower at 20; became one of the rough-and-tumble pioneers of the California gold diggings, and once ran bare-footed over ice and frozen ground for two days, with an anxious party of Indians after him; started for South America, and was wrecked without clothes or coin among the Sandwich Islands; turned up as a country lawyer in Illinois; served in the army through the war, and got the rank of colonel, and finally "struck it" in the rum politics of Kansas.

Germans Organizing Against the Republicans.

CHICAGO, August 9.—A well-attended meeting of prominent Germans from the interior of the State took place this afternoon in compliance with a call issued by General Herman Lieb. Lieb stated that the purpose of the meeting was not to form a German faction, but to unite as American citizens of liberal views. Ex-Governor Koerner was elected chairman. He said the identification of the Republican party with the prohibition movement was a particular reason why the Germans should take a decisive standpoint against that party. Representatives of various congressional districts gave conditions of popular feeling regarding the result of the coming elections. The general tenor of these remarks was to the effect that the entire German vote would be Democratic. Resolutions were adopted which conclude: "It is a question of vital importance for German-Americans to defeat the Republican prohibition ticket and vote with the Democrats, in whose principles we have the best guarantee for personal liberty and rights."

A BIG STEAL.

A Lax Republican Administration Allows Itself to be Cheated for Ten Years in the Quality of the Post Office Envelopes.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—Under the law the Post Office Department contracts for furnishing official envelopes to all its bureaus, $140,000 being appropriated for that purpose. That contract is now held by the successors of the Plympton Manufacturing Company of Hartford, Conn. Today the committee, looking into the subject, found a number of envelopes varying from 50 to 100 per cent. below sample, and will report the facts to the postmaster-general on his return from Deer Park Monday. It is said that envelopes of inferior quality have been furnished to the department for ten years past. Department officials say that it was the duty of Inspector Sperry at Hartford, who is especially detailed for that purpose, to have seen that all matter furnished was up to sample grade. It is understood that the postmaster-general will institute suit for the difference in price between envelopes like the sample and the material furnished, and perhaps annul existing contracts. The contractors are now here, and today, after testing the envelopes, acknowledged that they did not come up to sample. This inferior quality has been furnished for a period extending back ten years, and at the lowest estimate the government has during this period paid $200,000 too much for its envelopes. Further investigations, as to the quality of stamped envelopes and writing paper, are now in progress.

Death from Homesickness.

HACKENSACK, N. J., August 5.—Mrs. Barbara Cairna, her husband, and two sisters arrived in Hackensack from Scotland three weeks since, to visit a brother, John Chapman. Mrs. Cairna was very despondent from the time the party landed in New York City, often expressing a desire to be home again. Arrangements were made for an immediate return, but she grew worse rapidly and died Sunday. The physician says that death was caused by homesickness.

WAITING FOR SWEET REVENGE.

A Young Polander Keeping a Faithful Watch Upon His Mother's Murderer.

[Mount Carmel News.]

Fourteen years ago Joseph Comoski, Sr., died in Poland, leaving a snug estate and Joseph Comoski, Jr., his sister and the two children's mother. The hours of mourning had scarcely passed when Michael Shamolick turned his eyes upon Miss Comoski. He wooed and won. To possess the estate now became his unholy ambition. The widow stood in the way of the successful accomplishment of his foul object. He meditated and finally determined to resort to foul means for the removal of his obstacle.

One morning the little Polish village was excited as it had never been before. Some one during the hour of sleep had foully murdered Widow Comoski. Suspicion at once attached itself to the son-in-law. Pursued by the law and a guilty conscience, he fled from the land of his birth, crossed the ocean and found employment in the mines of Pennsylvania. Here he considered himself secure.

Joseph Comoski, Jr., though but a boy of 14 years, swore solemnly to avenge his mother's death, even should the murderer seek the most distant spot on earth. In pursuance of this resolve he bade a tender adieu to his betrayed sister and sailed for America. Fortune favored the brave youth and after a time he discovered his mother's murderer in Pottsville. He at once made known his discovery to the Polish consul at New York and acquainted him with all the facts in the case. The sympathy of the official was enlisted in the boy's behalf and he promised his assistance. The boy kept a watch over the murderer's doings, tracing him from town to town. Finally the fugitive was apprehended while engaged in the commission of a robbery and sent to the Philadelphia penitentiary for a term of three years. The consul, in the meantime, had written to Poland and learned of the correctness of the boy's story. He then secured the extradition papers, and the boy came to Mount Carmel, where so many of his countrymen reside, to work while the three years were passing. He found employment at the Pennsylvania colliery as an ash-wheeler. By his industrious habits he gained the good will of his bosses, and was finally promoted foreman, a position which he now satisfactorily fills.

The young man is scrupulously careful in saving his earnings, and it was a knowledge of this, followed by an inquiry from an official, that led to a recital of the above facts. The young man has succeeded in keeping his secret from his countrymen and this account will probably be to them startling. He has collected a snug little sum by his economical habits, and, with fire in his eye, one day this week remarked to our informant that upon the completion of the murderer's term of imprisonment the extradition papers would meet him in the face and the villain should swing from the Polish gallows if it took every cent he earned at the Pennsylvania colliery.

SHERMAN PLATT'S MALADY.

A Man Who Took Naps Six Months in Duration—He Kills Himself.

BRIDGEPORT, August 5.—For several years a strange case has attracted much interest among the physicians of the county. In the southwest part of the town of Newtown in a locality known in the neighboring places as Dodgintown, live a family by the name of Platt. One of the sons, Sherman W. Platt, had for some time been afflicted with a curious malady. He would remain asleep for several months at a time and while the comatose fit lasted it was impossible to rouse him from his lethargy. Several medical men examined Mr. Platt, but were unable to decide the exact nature of his disease. About a year ago he was taken to the Middletown asylum, where he remained until July 28, when he returned home. He remained at his father's house for only a short time, and then disappeared without giving any clew to his destination. On Sunday search was instituted by Platt's relatives, and as George Sherman was passing Sanford's pond he discovered Platt's body, devoid of clothing, standing up in the water. Dr. Wakeman, deputy coroner, was notified, and as no marks of violence were found upon his person he came to the conclusion that the deceased lost his life while bathing. As a strange person was seen near the pond on Tuesday it is supposed that Platt's body was in the water from that day till the time of its discovery on Saturday. It is generally regarded as a case of suicide, as no motive can be assigned for any one's murdering him. Whenever the somnolent fit came upon Platt he took to his bed and sometimes did not come out of his slumbers for six months. At times he would rise, move about for a few minutes and then return to his bed, but his actions then were those of a man governed entirely by instinct. He would go to the larder, help himself to whatever eatables came in his way and then go back to his slumbers. During these intervals he vouchsafed no word to any one, and would answer no questions. Various experiments were made, but no decisive results were reached. Drugs and electric processes seemed alike useless. At first the family freely admitted visitors, but of late had refused to allow curious persons to examine the strangely-afflicted man. Platt's bodily health continued to be fair in spite of his prolonged slumbers. The circumstances of his death are very strange, and no sufficient explanation has been offered for the nudity of the body as found, and the total disappearance of the clothes he wore when he left his home on Monday last. An investigation will probably be made by the Newtown authorities.

STOWED HIMSELF AWAY.

How Willie Smith Came to America to See "Lots o' Barges an' People."

A bright little boy of 7 years, giving the name of Willie Smith, was found crying very pitifully in the New York & New England depot last evening by a patrolman of Division 4. On taking him to the station, he said his folks lived on York road, London, and that he had been induced to run away by a boy named John Stevens, 14 years old. The father of the Stevens boy lives on City Road and drives a barge. Willie says he was playing near his house about three weeks ago when the Stevens boy showed him some money that he had stolen from his father and asked him to go to America, representing to him that he would see barges and people unlike those in London. Willie, supposing America was but a few miles away, and that he would be home before night, agreed to go with him. They boarded the train and went to Liverpool. From there they went in a tender to the steamer Circassian that was lying in the stream and ready to sail for Montreal. The Smith boy enjoyed the sail till the sun began to set, when he began to realize that he was going across the ocean. He was found crying on the upper deck by one of the seamen. On ascertaining the cause, he was placed in charge of the steward, who supplied him with bed and food.

When the steamer arrived at Montreal the Stevens boy ran away from him and he says he has been looking for him ever since. He claims not to have eaten any food since he came here, but his looks belie him. He passed the nights looking for the Stevens boy and sleeping on doorsteps. He was taken to the Chardon Street Home, where he will remain until his parents are communicated with.

REMARKABLE ICE FIELDS.

Norwegian Bark Achilles Reports a Ninety Days' Voyage Across the Atlantic.

QUEBEC, August 9.—The Norwegian bark Achilles, which arrived here yesterday from London, had a tedious passage of ninety days, having left the Thames on May 7. The vessel had been given up as lost. It seems she got too far north and encountered vast and impregnable ice fields. Captain Rhetz says he met ice on June 7, between longitude 50° and 60°, and that a whole month was consumed in sailing along its edges looking for the western route. Three unsuccessful attempts were made to force a passage. All this time the weather was very cold, the mercury being continually below the freezing point, with west winds and fog. Finally the ship was put on the southern course, and on the 7th of July, long. 42° 45′, lat. 26°, she got clear of the ice. There was a large American ship coming out of the ice just as the Achilles got clear. On the banks the captain saw a fleet of about 200 fishermen, who reported having had exceptionally fine weather and good fishing. The most extraordinary circumstance connected with this voyage is that, from the day of leaving the Thames to last Monday, not a breath of east wind was encountered.

Gives Her Hand as a Reward for Her Life.

ATLANTIC CITY, August 8.—Miss Dollie Patterson, a pretty bather, who was saved from drowning in the surf two weeks ago, was married at Balton cottage Thursday night to William F. Callahan, the coast guardsman who saved her life. The ceremony was witnessed by the family and friends of the bride and groom, and was a subject of romantic interest to hundreds of those who witnessed the narrow escape of the young girl and her brave rescue. Callahan is on duty at Atlantic City, and could not obtain leave of absence, so the honeymoon of the young couple will be spent within sight of the surf whose perils brought them together.

Cyclone in Wasco, Oregon.

PORTLAND, Or., August 7.—The town of Wasco, in eastern Oregon, was visited yesterday by a heavy and destructive cyclone. The storm came from the southeast. The wind was accompanied by a perfect deluge, but the rain storm lasted only a few minutes. The Methodist church and a large mill were both levelled to the ground. A number of other buildings were unroofed and otherwise damaged. A prominent citizen, A. M. Barnett, was fatally injured by getting caught under a falling building.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Liberal Speakers Denounce the House of Lords.

The Town of Kelung Bombarded and Captured by the French.

Terrific and Destructive Tempests in Europe.

BIRMINGHAM, August 5.—In connection with the great reform demonstration here yesterday an enthusiastic meeting was held in the evening at Bingley Hall. Fully 20,000 people were present. Speeches were made by the Right Hon. John Bright and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, president of the Board of Trade. Mr. Bright said the Tory majority in the House of Lords was actuated by the same bitter hatred of the liberals as in 1832. "Who were the peers?" he asked. "They were the spawn of the blunders, the wars and the corruption of the dark ages of our history. They had entered the temple of honor, not through the temple of merit, but through the sepulchres of their ancestors. They were no better than their fathers; some of them were worse, for their privileges had produced ignorance and arrogance."

The reform of the House of Lords, Mr. Bright declared, was urgent and inevitable. The creation of new peers to pass the franchise bill would only get rid of the present difficulty. What was wanted was a limitation of the veto power of the House of Lords. Should the people submit or should they curb the nobles as their fathers had curbed the kings of England?

Mr. Bright then proceeded to explain the manner in which he would like to see the power of the House of Lords restricted. He would allow the peers to retain their present power during the first session that a bill should be presented to them, but he would absolutely preclude them from vetoing the franchise bill or any bill a second time. Many persons, no doubt, would think him too lenient to the peers, but he preferred remedies which, while effectual, would cause the least disturbance to existing institutions.

Mr. Chamberlain in a lengthy speech said the divine right of kings was dangerous; the divine right of peers is a ridiculous figment. If the lords are obstinate, the speaker said, the agitation will continue to the bitter end. Mr. Chamberlain looks forward with eager hope to the result. England, he said, has been chosen as the home of a self-governed people, who will never be subservient to the insolent pretensions of the hereditary class.

The meeting displayed its approval of the sentiments expressed by the speakers by frequent and enthusiastic applause. A resolution was adopted denouncing the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the reform of the franchise.

The Town of Kelung in the Hands of the French.

LONDON, August 9.—A Shanghai despatch states that the French squadron under Admiral Lespes, consisting of five vessels, has bombarded and captured the town of Kelung, on the island of Formosa.

The occupation of Kelung by the French is officially confirmed from Paris.

LONDON, August 11.—The Times' Foochow correspondent telegraphs that the French Admiral Lespes did not bombard nor occupy Kelung, but simply destroyed the forts and then retired.

Terrific and Destructive Tempests in England.

LONDON, August 10.—Severe thunder storms prevailed throughout England yesterday. At Accrington hail-stones fell three inches long and an inch thick. Houses, churches and mills within an area of two miles were wrecked as by a riot. Church windows were riddled as if volleys of shot had been fired into them. Hundreds of gardens were destroyed. The water in the river Irwell rose five feet within twenty minutes. The lightning was terrific. Two persons were struck dead at Burnley, two at Barnsley, one at Darwen and one at Nottingham.

Witnesses in the Maantrasno Murder Case Confess.

DUBLIN, August 11.—Thomas Casey, the approver in the Maantrasna murder case, who recently made a confession to the effect that he was compelled by Mr. Bolton, solicitor for the crown, to swear against Myles Joyce and others charged with that crime, and declaring that the prisoners were innocent, has reported his confession to a reporter of the Freeman's Journal, which publishes it in full this morning, together with an interview with Phil Brin, another of the crown's witnesses in that case, in which Phil Brin admits that the most important part of his testimony was false; that he was coached as to what he should say on the witness stand, and was well paid for the part he took in the prosecution.

Great Storm About Pesth.

PESTH, August 11.—Later reports regarding the great storm of yesterday show that it was more severe than at first anticipated. In addition to the damage reported in the previous despatch comes the intelligence that the villages of Zebegony and Oroszy have been partially destroyed by the storm, and that twenty persons were drowned by the rapidly rising waters of the Danube. A number of barns, out-houses, cattle, horses and other live stock were swept away.

Expedition to the Nile Depots.

CAIRO, August 11.—Vigorous preparations are being made for an expedition to the Nile depots. Material is forming at Assouan, Wady Halfa, Samneh and Welin. General Wood will traverse the Nile depots on a tour of inspection, Thursday.

Mason Bey telegraphs from Massowah that Gallabat has fallen into the hands of the rebels, and that the inhabitants of Gedarif had been ordered to retire on Kassala.

Belgian Burgomasters Combining Against Clericalism.

BRUSSELS, August 9.—Two hundred burgomasters met in conference at the Town Hall today to devise means to prevent the spread of clerical powers, influence and education. An oath was taken by every person present to do all in his power to carry out the object of this meeting.

Mahdi's Men Growing Bolder.

CAIRO, August 7.—The rebels around Suakin are becoming bolder in their attacks upon the outworks. They have erected a battery in a position covering the city. Major Chermside, Governor of Suakin, has telegraphed a request for four mortars with which to dislodge the battery and protect strategic movements.

A Mob in Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA, August 10.—A mob assembled in front of the British consulate here today to protest against the non-payment of the indemnity exacted by England from Egypt for injuries to English residents of Alexandria during the revolution of Arabi Bey. The consul succeeded in pacifying the crowd by holding out the prospect of a speedy settlement.

Proletaires vs. Peers.

LONDON, August 10.—About 10,000 people were in line at the workingmen's demonstration in Hyde Park today to protest against the rejection of the franchise bill by the House of Lords. The meeting was orderly. Resolutions denouncing the action of the peers were adopted.

Instructions of the French Minister at China.

LONDON, August 10.—The Times states that the French minister was instructed to give China until Sunday forenoon, and if no settlement should then have been agreed upon to seize Amoy and the Pheng Hoo Islands.

Two Policemen Shot by Warsaw Nihilists.

WARSAW, August 9.—While two policemen were attempting to enter a house in this city today for the purpose of arresting Nihilists who were supposed to be sheltered there, they were fired upon from within and both dangerously wounded.

The Greeley Party Not Guilty of Cannibalism

WASHINGTON, August 9.—Admiral Nichols, acting secretary of the navy, pronounces the story of cannibalism by the Greeley party a base fabrication.

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

ORCHARDS.

In most localities the apple crop was formerly considered so certain that little or no care has been required to ensure profitable returns. It is not so now. The present difficulty is to induce bearing, and prevent the injury or destruction of the fruit by insect pests.

There is no branch of farm economy so pleasant to follow, or that will yield larger returns, than orcharding, if properly conducted, but good-paying, successful orcharding is not obtained without care and labor.

In setting out an orchard good, thrifty trees should be selected, and set thirty feet apart each way in holes dug not less than three feet in diameter and one foot in depth. Set the trees but little if any deeper than they stood in the nursery, sifting in the surface soil, finely pulverized, among the roots and fibres. For profit only a few varieties should be set out, and each variety in a body by itself. A few choice summer and autumn sorts, for sale or use in their season, can also be set out.

In selecting trees farmers should look not only to their thriftiness, but to their age and shape. Those whose trunks and branches are not smooth and clean should be discarded. Select straight trees, which have not had crotches or a crook at the root. A tree 3 years old is much preferable to one 4 or 5. It is more apt to live, and its growth is not so much interfered with by the transplanting. The trees should be stocky. If they have been grown too thickly in the nursery rows they are apt to be spindling and tender. Apple trees can be set out in the fall with as much certainty of success as if set in the spring, providing they are set at the proper time. To set any tree just before the ground freezes is poor management, because it does not give time for the earth to settle around the roots, which is important.

When trees are to be transplanted in the autumn an effort should be made to do the work as soon as the leaves fall. There are, however, several objections to planting trees in the autumn.

First. In removing the tree the spongioles or feeding roots are broken off, thus depriving the tree of its regular channels of communication with the moisture of the soil, until such time as new ones can grow.

Second. If the tree be of any size it is exposed to the winds of winter, which often loosen the roots of a newly-set tree.

Third. The soil around the roots will not be in as good condition for the tree to make a rapid growth as if set in the spring.

To partially offset these there is the advantage of having the first pick of trees, which is worth more than is usually believed; then there is the advantage of having more time to do the work well than there usually is in the spring; but no tree should be set at any season unless time enough is to be taken to do it well.

Cultivation is very beneficial to young orchards. A young orchard set in grass land and left to take care of itself will make very slow growth, if, indeed, a large part of the trees do not fail to grow, and after a few years die, as is generally the case. Before setting a young orchard the soil should be brought into a fine rich condition by cultivation and fertilization. The trees should then be carefully set and the soil kept well cultivated, and frequently fertilized for several years, or until the trees have attained a size of three or four inches at the butt. Then, if desirable, the land may be seeded to grass and pastured with sheep, being top-dressed occasionally whenever the trees are found not to be growing as fast as they should.

The terminal branches of thrifty growing trees should make an annual growth of from eight to twelve inches. If they make only three or four inches' growth each year the trees need fertilizing with potash or nitrogenous compounds. The trees must be kept thriftily growing from the time they are set until they come into full bearing. Until orchards are ten years or more of age no crop, except vegetables, should be permitted to occupy the ground, and then, if grass is grown, the land must be regularly manured, so as to sustain both crops without injury to either. Grain, however, cannot be raised in an orchard without injury to the trees.

In cultivating orchards the soil should not be ploughed so deeply near the trees that the roots which tend to run out near the surface will be cut off. A few roots thus cut off would do no harm, but it is not desirable to have many of them thus injured, lest the growth of the tree be impaired.

Cultivating the land and cropping without manuring it liberally, may rob the soil of the plant food needed for the growth of the trees, and thus injure them.

Cultivation and fertilization must go together. If the plough is run shoal enough not to injure the roots, cultivation may be practised to advantage for many years. Grass growing among trees injures the small ones more than it does the larger ones, because the roots of the small trees are near the surface, and the grass roots extend among them, and rob them, while the roots of the larger trees extend more deeply below the reach of the grass roots, and are less affected by them.

Old orchards are sometimes greatly benefited by cultivation. Trees which have stood for a long time in grass land, and received little or no attention, begin to die when about sixty years of age. Such trees, if ploughed amongst, not letting the plough run too deeply, so as to wound many of the large roots, and liberally manured, may be revived and made productive for many years. Many orchards are kept in grass year after year, the grass is cut for hay and no manure is applied to the land. The trees make very little growth, and bear only light crops of small, imperfect fruit, and yet the owners wonder why it is that their orchards are not more productive. It would be a wonder if such orchards should bear well, their owners always taking from them and never returning anything to them. Such orchards, if they cannot be ploughed and manured, may be top-dressed. The appearance of the trees will show what should be applied. If the trees do not grow thriftily fertilizers should be applied that will produce stem and leaf, and these are obtained in potash or nitrogenous compounds. If the trees are thrifty and yet bear but little fruit, it demonstrates the fact that a fertilizer is needed that will produce seed or fruit, and phosphates will be used. By observing the growth and bearing of the trees the equivalent proportions of the different constituents in fertilizers to be applied can be accurately ascertained.

Wood ashes were formerly much used, and in those days we had no complaints of small and imperfect fruit, and of trees bearing only every other year. The complaints would now cease if wood ashes were used, but they are not as plenty as formerly, and many that are in the market for sale prove to be of very poor quality, and should not be purchased without being analyzed. A bushel of common hardwood ashes weigh about fifty pounds; 6.750 pounds are soluble in water, and consist of

Potash and soda	4.605
Sulphuric acid	.433
Muriatic acid	.222
Carbonic acid	1.530
Silica	.060
Total	6.750

43.25 pounds are insoluble in water, and consist of

Carbonic acid	15.59
Phosphoric acid	1.47
Silica	1.84
Lime	21.77
Magnesia	1.96
Oxide of iron	.21
Oxide of manganese	.41
Total	43.25

The fertilizing value of ashes lies chiefly in the potash, phosphoric acid and lime they contain.

By mixing together nine pounds muriate potash, 80 per cent., at 1¾ cents a pound, is 15.75; six pounds fine ground Charleston phosphate, 28 per cent. phosphoric acid, at three-quarters of a cent a pound, is 4.50; thirty-five pounds air slaked lime, one-fourth of a cent a pound, is 8.75, being a total of fifty pounds, or one bushel, costing twenty-nine cents, and in it you have all of the valuable constituents that you have in hardwood ashes, and in a more available form.

The lime combines with the acid of the potash, forming muriate of lime. The potash, liberated, is caustic, and acts upon the phosphate of lime, and renders the phosphoric acid immediately available, as is the muriate of lime, lime in this form being soluble in water, while in the form of air-slaked lime, or, as it exists in ashes, it is but sparingly soluble, and in those forms no effects are observed from its use till a year after it has been applied. In the form of muriate of lime, however, its effects are immediate, and is destructive to all insect life existing in the soil, such as cutworms, canker-worms, wireworms, etc. This mixture can be applied to the land in the same quantity that ashes are usually applied. But better results will follow from its use on account of its immediate action on the soil. Another advantage of this mixture is in knowing what is used, provided the articles are properly purchased, while ashes, as now commonly sold, vary very much in quality, and you have no certainty as to what constituents you have applied to your soil.

A. H. W.

Correspondence.

F. M. W., Haverhill, Mass. — At present prices which is the cheaper source of ammonia—nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia?

Pure nitrate of soda contains 63.25 parts nitric acid and 36.75 parts sodium oxide. As imported it contains about 5 per cent. impurities, and these contain 15.6 per cent. nitrogen, which costs 14.4 cents a pound at the present market price of 2¼ cents a pound for nitrate of soda. Sulphate of ammonia contains 61.60 parts of sulphuric acid and 24.80 parts of ammonia, equivalent to 20.4 parts nitrogen. At the present market price, three cents a pound for sulphate of ammonia, nitrogen costs in that form fifteen cents a pound.

A. H. W.

Raise the Calves.

We have a great deal of good foundation stock in the State, and we ought to multiply it indefinitely. With the stock to breed from and our cheap pasturage and cheap hay, we have the most favorable conditions for this kind of business. It looks like a flourishing business to sell calves from $10 to $15 each at four to eight weeks old, and possibly it might be if the business could be extended indefinitely. As a rule we believe more of the calves should be kept and grown up to mature animals, when each individual animal would represent much more of value and quite as much of profit as if sold for veal. There is a great demand at the present time for the two classes of cattle, cows and steers. This demand is sure to increase in the future. So we say that all the good calves should be raised and grown up. There is now quite enough of inferior stock raised. Only those should be kept which come from good stock, such as one would wish to perpetuate. We have made a practice for many years of raising all the good calves coming from our herd, and are fully convinced that there has been a greater profit from the course than could have come from turning them into veal. In all this experience we have found that it costs no more to raise up a calf to an age when its milk ration may be discontinued than it does to make a good veal; and if you have good stock the store calf will be worth more than it would have sold for as veal. Better still, you have an animal which, reared to a mature age, will represent many times the value of the calf. Calves may be grown principally on skimmed milk. It has seemed to us that calves reared on milk from which the cream had been taken were even more vigorous and hearty, and possessed a greater constitutional power than those grown on whole milk. The skim milk, being a side product of the dairy, and of little money value, is an inexpensive feed as compared with whole milk. The value of this for the entire time the calf is fed upon it amounts to but little. Contrary to the practice of some we have generally practiced, and would recommend, allowing the calf to take its milk from the cow for two weeks before teaching it to drink. All changes in the feed of the young calf must be entered upon gradually. Whole milk should be used while teaching the calf to drink, after which it should gradually be changed to the skimmed, by first putting into the ration a half-pint of skimmed milk, and gradually increasing the proportion of the latter till it makes the entire ration. At least two or three weeks' time will be required in which to work the change. Extreme care is called for in the feeding of the calf up to the age of two months. The milk should be of the same temperature of that freshly drawn. A single feed of milk fed when too warm is liable to produce irregularities in the stomach of the calf and bring on the scours. It is better, too, if the milk be fed slowly, so that the calf shall not drink it down quickly. The more slowly it takes the milk the less liability there will be of trouble from this artificial method of feeding. Hay should always be placed within reach of calves, and they will begin to nibble it when only a week or two old, especially if an older calf stands by its side. At four weeks old, place a handful of whole oats in a box where they can be reached at pleasure. They will very soon learn to take them. We have always found they would learn to eat the whole oats more readily than ground of any kind; and there is nothing better. A young calf cannot be forced when fed in this unnatural way, but after reaching seven or eight weeks of age its feed may be increased with no other than favorable results. Two gallons of milk a day is a good ration for a young calf, and it may be increased if desired, after the calf has got up to seven or eight weeks of age. Edward Burnett, the celebrated Jersey fancier of Deerfoot farm, Southboro, Mass., in a lecture before the Vermont Dairymen's Association, recommended the practice of giving the milk ration in three feeds each day instead of two, as is the common practice. This has not been our practice, yet the suggestion must commend itself to the judgment of every one who has had experience in raising calves. Not that more milk is to be given, but that the same milk may be given in three feeds instead of two. Little and often is the better practice in feeding young animals. We shall try this practice. Early calves are preferable for raising and for many reasons. Our preference is for those dropped in the late fall or early winter. The milk is easily kept sweet in cold weather, the work can be better attended to in the summer, and in spring, when the grass starts, you have a strong, rugged and hearty calf to turn to pasture, which will thrive with as little attention and come to the barn in the fall in as good condition as a yearling. So again we would say, raise all the good calves, and raise them on skimmed milk; and when the farm becomes overstocked, sell mature cows and finished steers. There is, and will continue to be, a demand for all we can furnish, and at richly paying figures.—[Maine Farmer.

The Office of Insects in Cross Fertilization of Beans.

N. Y. Agricultural Experiment Station, Geneva, N. Y., July 16, 1884.

Our bean crop is dependent in a greater or less measure upon other agencies than the fertility of the soil or the character of the seed used. It may seem curious at first that our farm crops should depend upon such small agencies as insects, and yet without insects to carry the pollen from flower to flower, in some species of plants we would have no seed produced. A true list of insects beneficial to vegetation should include, in addition to those which are destructive to injurious insects, those also which are beneficial to the plant. The scarlet-runner bean is an excellent illustration of our remarks. This bean seems never to produce seed except when the flowers are cross fertilized, and, in Nicaragua, where insects of the proper kind do not exist, this plant is said to be sterile. If there were no insects to convey the pollen from flower to flower, this species might be as sterile in our Northern localities. The bumble-bee, however, frequents these flowers, and in seeking the nectar brings his head in contact with the pollen, which, adhering to it, is conveyed to the next flower visited, and is brought in contact with the pistil. Sometimes, however, the bumble-bees have the habit of boring a hole and extracting the nectar in that way without entering the flower. In this event their visits are of no use, and we have the curious fact that yield of the plant is dependent not only upon the presence and activity of the insects, but also upon the habits. The common garden bean may yield some seed through self-fertilization, but never in such large quantity as where cross fertilization is effected, and as the bumble-bees here also are the principal agency in the conveying of pollen, we can imagine that a crop shall be deficient through the scarcity of the insects. Whether the Italian bees can fertilize the bean blossom or not I do not know, but it certainly would seem worthy of trial by the bean grower upon a large scale to maintain a hive of these bees in the vicinity of his fields for the purpose of effecting the cross fertilization of the flowers and thus adding increase to his crop upon the possibility that these larger bees might be effective for this purpose. This agency of bees and other insects in cross fertilizing flowers explains the appearance of variation in the beans of a crop which come from hybridizations. This influence of hybridization was quite manifest among the varieties grown at the station last year. The variation was usually confined to the coloring of the seed, but often it extended to the shape and size of the bean as well. We offer for illustration: The Newington Wonder, a slender bush bean, sending out barren runners. It bears, for a normal crop, small, oblong, slightly kidney form, not flattened on the side, usually compressed on the ends so that we have a regular, rangular, light brown or dun-colored beans, with a veiny network and a yellow ring about the eye. This bean, though showing no variation in 1882 with us, yet in 1883 produced the following distinct forms: First, one entirely like the true form, but with small black spots scattered over the surface of the bean. The same plant upon which this form was found produced also beans of the true type; second, of the size and shape of the true type, but in color varying from dark purple to light, slaty-drab, finely dotted with light brown; third, somewhat larger and more kidney-form than the preceding, not compressed at the ends. In color slaty-purple, indistinctly dotted with light brown. The Golden Cranberry, a bush bean of medium size, often with a distinct twining habit, normally bears beans nearly globular, very slightly oblong, eye plane or slightly protuberant, pale sulphur-colored, with veiny markings and a faint pale bluish ring about the eye. From this variety there was selected in 1882, a form of about the same size as the type, but more oblong, slightly flattened sidewise, and mottled in two rows of brown. From this form there were produced in 1883 no less than eleven distinct forms. The Concord, a pole variety, the normal beans of which are medium or rather large in size, irregular, globose, scarcely oblong, slightly compressed at the ends, eye plane or rather protuberant, the half of the bean about the eye light brown or dun splashed with dull red, the remainder with a veiny network and an occasional small spot of dun or red. From a variation in this bean a single bean was taken of the same color as the true type, but larger, oblong and slightly kidney-shaped. The seed produced beans entirely different from either the seed planted or the original variety from which it was selected. The crop may be described as oblong, strongly flattened sidewise, slightly kidney form, rarely slightly compressed at the ends, yellowish brown with darker markings, which are inclined to form broken rings, concentric with the eye. These descriptive remarks are offered in order to show the importance of growing beans for seed purposes apart from other varieties than their own, for if many varieties are grown together, it is more than probable that the seed furnished will produce a variety of crop, and it seems quite possible that the habit of the plant varies to as great an extent as does the seed, although the variations are not as easily described.—[E. Lewis Sturtevant, Director.

Growing Wheat After Wheat.

As no grain is more valuable or nutritious than wheat, it is a natural sequence that none is more exhaustive of the expensive elements of soil fertility. The constant demand of the wheat plant is for phosphoric acid and nitrogen. Even in virgin soil these are seldom in large available supply. Wheat after wheat uses up these valuable elements of fertility more quickly than any other grain crop. After a few years it becomes impossible to grow wheat crops in succession without an intervening season during which the land lies fallow. By taking two years to grow a crop of wheat this grain may succeed a long time after the virgin fertility of the soil is destroyed. But this is an expensive and wasteful process. Part of the excess of fertility accumulated while the land lies fallow is lost. The labor of cultivation for so long a period destroys all hope of profit unless this labor is made to serve some other purpose than making a wheat crop. The summer fallowing system of growing wheat has been largely practiced in England, but is less so now, as the competition with other countries has so reduced the price that the large amount of labor it demanded. It is less likely to be popular here for the reason that American farmers in many places have learned that applications of commercial fertilizers, especially phosphates, will, to a great extent, take the place of the summer fallow. In fact, the tendency now is to give the wheat plant too little preparation of soil and to rely exclusively on phosphates, sowing the wheat with very slight preparation of seed bed after a crop of barley or oats. These preceding crops are usually worth as much as wheat and often even more, so that the advantage of growing them rather than leaving the land naked through the summer is very apparent. It is true that this "runs the land," but exhausting fertility is the farmer's business, whether he farm well or ill. Only we must not forget to add that the aim of the good farmer is to restore this fertility as soon as possible by heavy applications of manure. Of late years many farmers have learned that, by the liberal use of phosphates, wheat may be made a fallow crop for wheat, with as good results as sowing after oats and barley. In one important respect wheat is a much better crop than oats to precede wheat, as it allows two to four weeks longer time for preparing a seed-bed. In mid-summer whatever green vegetation is ploughed under rots so rapidly that this difference in time of ploughing makes an early-turned wheat stubble almost equal in tilth to ordinary summer fallow. It is not as rich in either phosphate or nitrogen, for the grain crop just taken off has partially exhausted those elements. But there is not much difference in fertility and probably none in soils, otherwise equal, one of which has just borne a wheat crop and the other oats or barley. So far as fertility is concerned there is no more impropriety in growing successive wheat crops than successive crops of any other grain. In any case land thus treated must require frequent applications of manure in some form to produce a crop. One objection to growing successive wheat crops consists in the fact that it prevents the farmer from gaining the advantage which comes from frequent seeding down with clover and grass. Whatever the cause, one year's growth of grass on a field is so great a conservator of its fertility that with this advantage the farmer can keep his land in condition with much smaller applications of manure than would otherwise be needed. The grass roots reach every part of the soil, and store its available fertility for immediate use when ploughed under. Cultivators who grow special crops, such as seeds or tobacco, on high-priced land, find that it pays every few years to seed down, though it be for less than a year. The great advantage from the decay of the sod which can only be obtained at much greater expense from heavy applications of manure. This is an expense which the wheat grower cannot afford. The worst evil, however, in growing successive wheat crops is the tendency of this policy to fill the land with the weeds, and the crop with the insects that are most injurious to the wheat plant. Nature seeks to repress the excess of wheat that man has stimulated, and to fill the soil with something that takes a different kind and degree of plant food from the soil. Western wheat growers have already in many places struck on this rock. Successive failures of spring wheat in various sections show that the land is becoming exhausted, and that it is to continue to be grown as heretofore, it must be by adopting the methods which Eastern farmers have long found to be necessary.

Feeding at a Loss.

It is not surprising to me that so many farmers complain that "farming don't pay"; or that so many unsuccessful farmers, when they see or hear of some one who is prospering better than they, that they immediately settle the matter with the remark, "Well, Jones was born lucky." There is really no business in the country in which there is so much opportunity for unobserved losses as that of farming; and with most, or at least with many, farmers, there is so little system, so little calculation of profit and loss, so much mere hap hazard guesswork, that it is a wonder to me that they did find farming always profitable; it would be strange if they did not feel sometimes that the difference between them and their more fortunate neighbors was simply due to luck. And while I am an unbeliever in luck in the sense in which the word is commonly used, yet I must admit that in many instances it is a matter more of chance than of judgment, whether a farmer makes money or not. Not that judgment is useless, but that between two men, neither of whom exercise special care or judgment, it is often a mere matter of accident whether one is more successful than the other. To illustrate: Suppose of two farmers each have in the fall a fine lot of pigs and well-filled corn cribs, and by means of those hogs they propose to convert a good share of their corn into pork. The stock at the beginning of the winter is in equally good condition, of same breed, and the corn is equally good. One farmer happens to have a large part of the basement of his barn empty, and for want of a better place he puts the pigs in there. The other happens to have his basement all occupied, so he puts up his pigs in a yard, well protected on the north, and gives them plenty of bedding. Both feed well, but neither keeps any account of amount of food used, nor knows the weight of hogs when fattening commenced. Both turn off in time a pretty good lot of fat hogs, but neither could tell exactly how many should be fed. Now in such a case as this the casual observer would see nothing to indicate which was making the greater profit, and it is quite possible that the man who had made the greater profit would be ignorant of the fact. But experiments that have been made by men who did weigh and measure show that it is probable that the man who happened to feed his pigs in the open yard produced his pork at a cost to himself at least one-half greater than that of the man who happened to have the basement of his barn to spare. Of course this is on the supposition that the feeding was done during severe cold weather. I have quoted this illustration, not so much to show the importance of giving fattening pigs good shelter—though that is important—but chiefly to show how easy it is for farmers to fail to notice where they are making and losing; and how completely, under the system followed by so many, farming is a game of chance, almost as uncertain as betting on Chicago margins! I think there is more opportunity for unobserved losses in feeding stock than in raising grain. In the latter plan methods are more uniform and the length of time more definite. If a farmer attempts to secure a larger crop by extra applications of fertilizers, he is pretty apt to know just how much he uses and what it cost him, and without any very great care can reach a reasonably correct estimate of how much his increased crop cost. He will, at least, have some opinion on the matter. But in fattening stock it is the general practice to give the animals all they will eat; the food is taken from cribs or bins, the contents of which are unknown, and which are at the same time being used from for other purposes; and I think I am putting the case mildly when I say that the majority of farmers, after marketing a lot of fat stock, could not give even a reasonable guess at what that stock had cost them, or at the amount of food consumed. I am not writing for the purpose of discouraging stock feeding—on the contrary, I believe it to be, when rightly managed, one of the most profitable of farm operations—but I do wish to call attention to the fact that much loss may often be incurred without being noticed, and that unless the farmer is unusually observant he may go on feeding herd after herd and only find out after he is losing by finding that although he rises up early and sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness, he does not get on in the world. I would awaken among stock feeders an appreciation of the importance of knowing and not merely guessing; of making such careful observation of their own and others' work that they will be able to see positive knowledge when there is loss and gain, and be able to learn what are the circumstances or peculiarities of each case which have occasioned the profit or loss.—[South and West.

Stay on the Farm.

The disposition of so many young men to leave the farm and come to the city is not creditable to their intelligence. Every city in the country is overcrowded with this class of helpless young men. They grow up on the farms with no idea of the trials and temptations that beset their class in the large cities. They think they can live in the cities without the toil and drudgery they say is a part of farm life. There are many ways of living in a city, but there is but one honorable way, and that is surmounted with as many trials and hardships as earning one's living on the farm, and that is to earn it honestly. A young man without a trade will find he has to work harder to make both ends meet in the city than on a farm. The young man who thinks the world owes him a living and that the obligation will be cancelled in the cities, makes a mistake that is often learned too late. There is no more room for idlers in the city than on the farm. The criminal class receives some of its most vicious recruits from young men who thought they were too smart to be farmers, came to the city, found they had made a mistake, dropped into bad company, and will end their lives on the scaffold or in the penitentiary. No, young man, you are not too smart for the farm. The smartest man that ever lived hadn't sense enough to reach perfection in farming. Be independent. While there is always something to do on a well-regulated farm, if you have a leisure moment, use it in study or selling the many kinds of goods you will find that are especially made for your benefit. You can always find something to do if you want to work. If you don't, we have no time to reason with you.—[Lum Smith's Agents' Herald.

Chicken Cholera.

"About this time," look out for chicken cholera. The following is a good description of the usual symptoms of the disease: "The fowl has a dejected, sleepy, drooping appearance, is very thirsty, has a slow, stalking gait, and gapes often. Sometimes the fowl staggers and falls from weakness. Comb and wattles lose their natural color, generally turning pale, but sometimes dark. There is a diarrhœa, with greenish discharge, or like sulphur and water, afterwards it becomes thin and frothy. Prostration comes on, the crop fills with mucus and wind, breathing is heavy and fast, the eyes close, and in a few hours the fowl dies." Chicken cholera is one of the "germ" diseases, and the scientists who have studied up the subject tell us that "these germs under ordinary conditions must be taken into the stomach with the food or drink to produce these effects," but they don't tell us where they come from in the first place, and that is the part that we want to know something about. The writer thinks that they are generated from filth in some form or other. Certain it is that in the whole course of my poultry experience I have never known a case of genuine chicken cholera among fowls kept where all sanitary laws were duly observed, unless brought on the premises by diseased fowls. Dr. Salmon, on this subject A. J. Hill, in his "Treatise on Chicken Cholera," says: "I have sufficient evidence to warrant me saying that the cause is local. Wherever the disease prevails right there is where its cause exists; and there is the place where its cause was generated, unless infectious matter has been introduced by diseased fowls or otherwise." Concerning the prevention of chicken cholera, Dr. Salmon says that it may be almost entirely prevented by a proper use of disinfectants. Fowls may also be made insusceptible to cholera by vaccination with a feeble virus—at least that is what the scientific people before referred to tell us; and if they will only hurry up and find some way to put up the virus so that it can be "sent by mail post paid," to any part of the country in such form that any one possessing the intelligence of an ordinary "cow doctor" could use it. The poultry raisers of the South and West will rise up and call the aforesaid scientists "blessed." But just now you had better avoid crowding too many fowls into one roosting place, and keep yards, houses and everything about them clean. Allow no stagnant water, no filth or any kind about the premises. Use whitewash and disinfectants freely about the house—the disinfectants daily if the cholera is present in your neighborhood. When strange fowls are brought on your premises do not allow them to mingle with the other fowls for a week or ten days. Neglect of this precaution once cost me the loss of some very valuable specimens. I suppose it is necessary to say something about the cure, but, honestly, I have not the smallest atom of faith in any of the pills, powders or anything else that is recommended as a "sure cure" for chicken cholera. There is no sure cure for the disease; now and then a fowl recovers from an attack of genuine cholera, but such cases are like angel visits and true friends—few and far between—and I am inclined to attribute them more to a naturally strong constitution than to any remedies administered. When the chicken cholera appears among a flock don't fool away valuable time trying different cholera cures, but promptly kill and burn or bury every one of the sick fowls, and then thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the premises, and use the disinfectants daily until the disease wholly disappears. Give the apparently well fowls some thing to kill the germs that may have been taken into their systems, and for this purpose there is nothing better than the solution of carbolic acid and water, three or four drops to each fowl; repeat the dose in three or four days. Also give the Douglass mixture in the drink, and pulverized willow charcoal in the food daily for a week or ten days. When the disease is taken in hand in this way at the very outset, it can be stamped out at once and no medicine beyond the simple preventatives mentioned will be needed. But there are some poultry-keepers who will doctor the sick fowls, even though they are almost sure that it will do no good, and for their benefit I append the following:

1. Hyposulphite of soda; half a level teaspoonful in as much water as will dissolve it is a dose for a full-grown fowl. Five once a day for three days.

2. Calomel and blue moss in two-grain doses; give twice a day.

Fall Planting of Strawberries.

The best season for planting out strawberries is a subject that has been fully discussed by fruit-growers, but, as the experience of persons engaged in this business differs, so also do their opinions in regard to methods of cultivation. There is something to be gained by the fall planting of strawberries, provided it can be done at a time and in a manner to ensure success. Plants that have been grown in pots or layered in pots, as is now generally practised by dealers, can be set out at almost any time without danger of loss; but they cost too much for general planting, and are raised principally for amateur cultivators or for those who only desire a few dozen of some new or choice variety. If a man is going to plant out an acre or more with strawberries, he would hardly go to the extra expense of purchasing, or even of layering the plants in pots in his own grounds, but would run the risk of taking up and using the newly-rooted runners, choosing moist weather in which to perform the operation. When one has plants of his own, or can obtain them from some neighbor near by, then there is little danger of failure in fall transplanting; and if it is done early enough in the season to allow the plants to get well established before winter sets in, they will make a far more vigorous growth the next season than if the setting out is deferred until the following spring. The transplanting may be done during cloudy or rainy weather any time in July or August, or even later in the South, the young well-rooted runners being taken for this purpose; but the earlier they are set out the better, provided the weather is favorable. Those who raise strawberry plants to sell do not care to fill orders early in the season, as there is too much waste for the runner that would give three or four well-rooted plants September 1, will seldom have more than one upon it in July; and if the one next to the old stool or parent plant, which is always the first to produce roots, is taken up, all the others on the outside or farther away from the stock are, of course, either entirely destroyed or seriously checked in their growth; consequently nurserymen cannot afford to supply their customers with plants in July at the same price that they can a few weeks later in the season. But when a man raises his own plants and has an abundance, he can usually afford the waste that can scarcely be avoided in early planting. Sometimes plants set out early in summer or autumn will yield a fair crop the following season, and while this is not generally taken into consideration, or even desired by those who make a business of raising fruits for market, it is different with the amateur, for he is usually impatient, and returns from investments of either labor or money in his garden never came too soon or in too great an abundance. It is probably unnecessary to repeat the usual directions given for preparing grounds for strawberries, but we will venture to say that a very deep soil, and one that will hold moisture well, and at the same time not remain wet, is the best for this plant. The strawberry not only requires a rich soil but a large amount of moisture, especially at the time the fruit is coming to maturity, and unless the soil is deep and rich the crop will usually be light and the berries small, or at least of a much less size than under more favorable conditions. When the plants are cultivated in narrow single rows or hills, there is no better way of keeping the roots moist than to apply some kind of mulch to the beds, and in liberal quantities. In regions where the winters are severe and the plants are in danger of being injured by cold or exposure to dry winds in winter, the mulch should be applied in the fall and the plants lightly covered with whatever material is used for this purpose. In spring the mulch may be pushed aside from over the crowns of the plants and left between the rows, not only to keep the ground moist but the fruit clean when it is ripe. Plants set out in the autumn will generally be benefited by a slight protection the following winter.—[Sun.

A Word About Budding.

Now is the season to try your hand at budding. The proper period in this country is from the first of July to the middle of September. There is hardly a farm or village garden in the country which has not a fruit tree of some kind which might not be improved by "inoculation," as the old writers called it, with some better variety; and budding is so much easier, safer and generally more convenient than grafting, that there is really no excuse for remaining content, year after year, with the poorer sort, when the better can be had with so little trouble. There are various ways of budding practised in this country and abroad; but on the whole the simplest and best method is that known as "American shield budding." Get a thrifty shoot that has nearly done growing, of the variety you wish to have, remove imperfect buds, which will generally be found at each end of the shoot, and cut off the leaves, leaving a portion of the foot-stalk about half an inch long. Provide yourself with a budding knife and with some strands of bass-matting or soft yarn. Select a smooth part of the stock, on the north side if possible, so as to avoid exposure to the direct rays of the sun. Make an incision, lengthwise of the stock or limb, an inch or an inch and a half long, and another across the top of the first, so as form a "T." Carefully cut a bud from the shoot, leaving a thin slice of wood and bark above and below the bud, corresponding in length to the long cut in the stock. Then with the ivory end of the knife carefully lift the bark on each side of the incision just enough to admit the bud without forcing. Slip the bud in, "right side up" cut off the top of the slice it projects over the top of the cut, and then wind the bud with yarn, leaving only the latter exposed. Foreign budders generally remove the woody part from the under side of the bud. But this is an unnecessary and somewhat difficult operation, liable to injure the bud, and exposing it in our hot climate to fatal drying. The after treatment consists simply in watching to see whether the bud is growing nicely, and when that appears to be the case, loosening the bandage or removing it altogether, if the bud has clearly established itself in its new home. The buds to be used for this purpose are wood buds, which grow singly in most trees, and less plump and round than blossom buds. It is possible, however, to bud with the latter; and if any of our young friends wish to bud for fruit they might try the experiment. Get a few fruit buds of some superior pear or peach, insert them as already described, say in September, on a thrifty-bearing tree, and perhaps next season the fruit will come. When one wishes for an immediate result it is well to try this plan. At any rate it is an interesting experiment, and if it fails, boys, it is no matter. "'Tis better to have tried and failed"—to adapt the old lines to the new theme—"than never to have tried at all."—[New York Examiner.

Embden Geese.

Among our most valuable breeds of geese the Embden is one of our best. Indeed, the rivalry between it and the Toulouse is so close that many contend in points of beauty and utility it is equal to the Toulouse. The Embden is uniformly pure white, has prominent blue eyes, flesh-colored beak, bright orange legs, remarkably strong in the neck, and its feathers tend to curl from the shoulders to the head. They are very hardy and well adapted to this climate. Their flesh is highly esteemed by epicures. It does not partake of that strong taste noticeable in common geese, it is as tender and juicy when properly cooked as that of any of our best wild and aquatic fowls, and is less liable to shrink in the process of cooking. The Embden originated in a town of that name in Hanover, adjoining Holland, a region including Oldenburg and Saxony, long noted for the quality and production of geese. Embden geese attain large size, in some instances a pair will weigh fifty pounds; some have reached up to sixty pounds, but the average weight, when in good condition, is about forty pounds per pair. They are very good layers, taking into consideration their size; but, like the Toulouse, are poor sitters, owing to their weight and cumbrous movements. They are highly prized by breeders, not alone for their size or the delicacy and richness of their flesh, but also for the beauty of their blossomy white plumage. A large pond or extent of water is not absolutely necessary for the Embden geese, though a pond or stream near by would be very advantageous toward improving their plumage and affording them agreeable exercise. Breeders most generally set their eggs under hens, and give them the same care and food as other valuable geese. The goslings, though strong and hardy when hatched, are somewhat clumsy; and should be kept within a low inclosure where there are no weeds nor long grass to bother them until they are a few weeks old.—[Poultry Monthly.

Things Worth Knowing.

Nearly all shrubs and vines may be propagated by layers; that is, with the branches bent down and a part buried in the ground. This operation may be performed early in the spring before the leaves appear, or during the summer while the plants are growing. With many kinds it is only necessary to cover that portion of the branch upon which it is desired that roots shall be produced; but with others the emission of roots is hastened by removing a part of the bark, cutting notches, or splitting with a knife the layered branch at the lowest point of that part which is covered. The branch or stem is simply bent in a half circle, the end being left above the surface and uncovered. A forked peg or a stone may be used to keep the branch in place until it is rooted. Roses, quinch bushes, grape vines, as well as various kinds of ornamental shrubs may layered during July and August. If not frequently watered, they will produce roots before cold weather.

In many places straw has a value for feeding or for sale entirely above what it is worth as manure. With some kinds of grain, as rye and oats, saving the straw in good order is quite as important as saving any part of the crop.

John D. Gillet, "the cattle king," annually raises 1000 acres of oats, to obtain that variety of grain upon which to feed his calves and yearlings, believing that no other grain possesses the same food value to promote bone and flesh growth in young animals.

Throw fresh sods daily to poultry that is confined to limited runs.

Butter should be kept cool from the time it leaves the churn.

One cause of much bad butter in market is the unclean condition of many farmers' cellars. Decaying vegetables taint the air, and their odors are absorbed by the milk, to reappear in whatever is made from it. If the meat barrel becomes at all tainted, it should be at once removed. In fact wherever milk and cream are kept in cellars they should be in different rooms from the pork barrel.

If you want to grow huckleberries set out young plants, about a foot high in the spring. Mulch them for a year or two, and plough in some coarse horse manure occasionally. They are slow to start, but after they are started they grow raddily both in bush and berry. The bushes may be cultivated with a hoe. They should be set at least seven feet apart each way, as they spread considerably when full grown. It is well to set three or four small bushes in each hill.

The neatest, best and most economical way of training and supporting tomatoes is to use a single stake for each plant. The stakes should be straight, firm, about eight feet long, well pointed, and it is best to set them in first and then set the plants to them. Unless deeply in they may lean over when the soil is wet and soft, the wind strong and their loads heavy. A simple rule for the training is this: "As soon as a blossom appears pinch out every side shoot below it." Tie to the stake as required to keep the stem erect, and so able to carry its load. The fruit will be safer from sun-scald, richer in color and flavor; more in quantity on the same area, the appearance trim and gardenesque, and a good lesson in plant-raising will have been gained.—[Experience.

If it is desired to prolong the bloom in the garden cut off the flowers before they die. It is always desirable to cut them off just as they have passed their beauty, before they mature seeds. It should be borne in mind that the flowers are to be cut off, not pulled off.

A close watch should be kept now for lice on hens and young chicks. They will droop and die ere you suspect what is the trouble. Look carefully under their wings and you can find them. Apply a little tobacco juice and you will soon get rid of them.

Eggs that are hatching now should be carefully looked after. No moisture is in the air, and the shells will be found to be very hard. Dampen them with lukewarm water for a week, about every other day, just before they are hatching, and you will see that they will do better.

When you have a pile of beets, carrots, turnips and think of their selling value at 10 cents a bushel, the price at which they have often been sold, they do not look like a cash crop. But when we consider that twenty bushels of roots and $2 worth of meal, with what meadow hay and straw we sell for $5, would be worth as much in the barn as one and one-half tons of hay, worth $18, we can see through it.

When a farmer gets his land up to the point of fertility that produces large growths of grass, he need not fear to turn under a field of the sod and plant it to corn. The truth is, the grasses are nature's great restorers and renovators, but no one need expect great grass from a worn-out soil until the land has been cleaned, either with manure or by ploughing under a few crops of clover.—[Pennsylvania Farmer.

Professor Henry of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experimental Station made a careful series of experiments to ascertain how seed potatoes had best better be cut, if cut at all. The best yields were obtained from whole potatoes of "good size." The next best was the end, the next from the seed end, the next from the "ordinary cut," the next from what he calls Dr. Sturtevant's cut, the next from thick parings of the skin, and the least yield from thin parings. By "ordinary" cut is meant that the potatoes are cut to one eye without regard to the direction of the cut. The "thick parings" left only one-third of the flesh of the tuber. The parings were cut to one eye, and this was thought to be directly the opposite of Dr. Sturtevant's method, which has been fully described in these columns, and experimented upon at the rural grounds. One-third of the potato was taken for the seed end, and two-thirds for the stem end. It will be seen that from this test, as from our own, there is more of ingenu

THE FATAL PATH;

OR,

Tossed in Troubled Waters.

BY ELLIS LAWTON.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

NEMESIS.

Some few hours after the preceding events, Mrs. Williams in her own apartments awaited the coming of James Adams, to whom she had some new instructions to impart, thought out since his visit the same day. Her elbow rested on her knee and her forehead upon her clenched hand, in a brooding attitude. Every now and then she glanced impatiently at the clock.

"I feel strangely nervous tonight," she muttered to herself. "What is going to happen? Bah! has the mention of John Neal upset me? What if Williams does know? It is not his interest to betray anything. But he is a dangerous fellow. I must get him out of the way when my revenge on that girl is complete, and it shall be. She shall suffer until that pretty face he gazed at so tenderly is wan and seamed and hideous!"

A knock interrupted her reflections. "Come in," she said, without rising.

Before the words were fairly spoken the door opened, and a man entered, closing it behind him.

Mrs. Adams looked towards him carelessly, expecting to see James Williams.

But even she, cool, self-possessed, unfeeling as she was, could not meet unmoved the unexpected and appalling sight that met her gaze.

It was not Williams who stood before her, but a grey-haired, pallid, careworn man, whose eyes burned with the memory of years of wrong.

"What! John Neal! You escaped and here?" she cried, starting up when the first instant of stunned amazement passed, and grasping the back of the chair as though she would have hurled it at him.

"I am here at last!" was the reply, in low concentrated tones. "Look at me! Your husband! The victim of your cruelty and crime!"

Hardly hearing these words, however, her mind went rapidly over the situation, and grinding her teeth together, she cried:

"Curses on Dr. Newcomb's imbecility and blundering!"

A bitter smile touched John Neal's lips. "You have no thought but of yourself and your vile scheme," he exclaimed, controlling an angry outburst with difficulty. "You can feel no self-reproach at the sight of one whom you consigned to a fate worse than death; no repentance!"

She had recovered from the first shock, and was her own hard, relentless self again.

"It is too late to talk about repentance to me," she said, her green eyes meeting his unflinchingly. "Do not think victory is in your hands! John Neal is dead. You are an escaped lunatic, whose name I do not know. I shall see that you are taken back."

He made a violent gesture and took a step forward, then by a great effort checked himself and folded his arms tight together.

"I have promised to prove my sanity by being calm," he said. "It is a severe test to look on the face that does not quail before my wrongs and be calm. But you see I am! Listen to me. You make a mistake when you say I am an escaped lunatic. I am as free as you. When you in your fiendish hate sent that poor young girl where you five years ago sent me, you made her the instrument of my deliverance."

At this Mrs. Adams grew livid. "An!" she exclaimed, with unguarded passion, "I knew she was my evil genius! It is war to the death between us!"

"You scheme against themselves," John Neal went on. "Heaven decreed that she and I should meet, and that she should make her escape and pave the way for mine. The woman who had befriended her was that step-sister of whom you have heard me speak, though I did not know her married name, and she has opened the doors of my prison."

An exclamation of baffled rage burst from Mrs. Adams. But she was not daunted.

"Do you expect to get the best of me?" she asked, scornfully. "You cannot do it. Never, until the law forces me so to do, will I acknowledge you. The looks you carried into the asylum you do not bear now. I have your money—get it if you can! Don't expect you can punish me, in any event. I have a certificate of your death, and can prove that I paid the Dr. Newcomb a premium of money as a legacy left him by you. You see I can show it was for his interest that you should die, and he, not I, can be reached by the law. You had better make terms with me, John Neal. You know you cannot frighten me. You always were afraid of me, and are now!"

It was true that he recalled from the terrible spirit these words betrayed.

"And this," he said, as if to himself, gazing at her with horror. "This is the same woman who wore that saint-like look which won my love!"

She laughed—a grating, fearful laugh. "I played the part well for your money then. It is like you to show such maudlin sentiment. Come! let us end this scene. What do you expect to do? You want revenge? To kill me, perhaps? Try it, if you dare!"

He did not answer these bold, taunting words for a moment, but stood staring at her, as he might upon some fearful monster. The angry flame in his eyes had gone.

When he spake, it was sorrowfully, rather than with the suppressed passion he had previously shown.

"When I came here," he said, "I hoped to touch some chord of remorse even in your cruel heart. But all you have done has made you a fiend. When in that hell where you cast me after I became an obstacle in your path, my misery and the thought of my wrongs often drove me into a frenzy not unlike that of the poor creatures about me. Then it would seem as if, were I standing face to face with you, as I am now, I could tear you limb from limb!"

She smiled sneeringly.

"You forgot how much stronger I was than you."

"When I felt like that, I had the strength of ten men! But now! you see I am calm, though you even taunt me with my sufferings. Do you know why? Because I know a higher power than mine has fixed your fate, and that Nemesis is at your door!"

He went and opened it as he spoke, and there entered a sergeant of police. Behind him came Albert Howland.

Mrs. Adams did not quail. She felt equal to the emergency now, whatever it might be.

"What means this intrusion?" she asked.

"I have a warrant for your arrest," said the sergeant, stepping to her side.

"On what charge?" was her scornful inquiry.

"You are charged with the murder of Henry Nelson Adams."

She had been prepared to meet anything—an accusation of bigamy perhaps—anything except this. Now, at last, she felt overpowered. But she retained her self-control enough to force her blanched, tightly-drawn lips to say: "I do not understand how that can be, gentlemen. The person who was guilty of the deed was tried, and her guilt proved, long ago!"

Her eyes were on Howland, and he responded:

"Your accomplice, James Williams, having reason to fear he should be accused, has confessed everything, and is now in jail. He will be tried as an accessory after the fact."

With her face fixed and set she continued to look at him, as though expecting to hear more.

"According to his confession, after meeting with Kate Maynard, he went on until he heard voices in altercation, and came in sight of Adams and yourself standing by the pine tree, where his body was afterwards found. Just as Williams perceived you, you fired a pistol and Adams fell mortally wounded. As I suspect William himself had gone into the wood with half-formed intentions of murder, it was not strange that he was easily led to take the life, and became the accomplice of your revenge."

Mrs. Adams gave a sort of inarticulate cry, hardly human in its ferocity. It was the expression of conscious defeat.

For a moment she stood immovable, her eyes glaring into vacancy. Then, the old hard defiance returning to them, she directed their glance first at John Neal and last at Albert Howland.

"Well!" she burst out vehemently, "I did kill Henry Nelson Adams! Perhaps that cowardly villain whom you frightened into a confession—you knew better than to try to frighten me, I see, Mr. Howland—perhaps he has omitted some of the details! Let me tell you! I went into the wood that day determined to kill him, and determined to lay the guilt on her. I did not expect she would play into my hands as she did; but I was sure she would go into the wood to meet him, and I watched and hid behind that clump of cedars. Yes, Mr. Howland, I denied it when you asked the question at the trial, but I was there!"

"I always knew you were," he said; "it was the first link in the chain of conviction."

She paid little attention to the remark, but resumed, with the same reckless violence:

"Do you suppose, after what I had done for love of Henry Adams," her fiery eyes resting for an instant upon John Neal—"do you suppose, after I had dashed away every barrier between us, that I could forgive him for leaving me for her? At first I meant to kill them both. What did I care for consequences? But a slower torture for her, and safety for myself, came on second thought. Circumstances helped me. Accidentally she fired the shot that whizzed past his head, and then, like a fool, fled, not even looking to see what she had done. Henry, for an instant, half stunned, started to follow, and called her name. Then I appeared before him. I told him of my love, and my hate, and of the crime I had committed for his sake. I told him I was going to kill him and the girl he loved should hang for it. Then I shot him, and as he lay dying at my feet, I told him again that it was she who would be arrested for the murder, and she herself would believe in her own guilt!"

An exclamation of horror broke from Albert Howland's lips, and John Neal was wholly overcome with the ferocity and heartlessness of the woman who was his wife.

Even the policeman, used as he was to hardened criminals, recoiled.

She, however, neither thought nor cared about the effect she was producing upon her listeners, and, like one exulting over her own iniquity, continued.

"The papers spoke of the look of agony upon his dead face. Well, I knew what had stamped it there! I had my revenge!"

Again her voice ceased; for a moment there was not a sound to be heard but the ticking of the clock.

Then, slowly she turned her eyes from one to another, letting them rest last upon Albert Howland. A hard, bitter smile played about her mouth, instantly vanishing. When she spoke, the vehemence of her voice had given place to a cold resoluteness.

"She triumphs at last!" were the words that issued from the compressed lips. "I have known of late that she or I must lose or win all. But she has suffered what she never can forget. She has felt my vengeance."

Her hand rested upon her breast. Once more she cast a defiant glance around and exclaimed vauntingly:

"And I—I escape you, after all!"

With a sudden quick motion she drew a vial from her bosom and raised it to her lips.

Seeing her intent the officer sprang forward and seized her arm.

But too late.

She had taken a poison so subtle and instantaneous in its effects that it was the hand of a dead woman from which he wrenched the bottle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

Of the startling events transpiring which so changed her situation and future prospects, Kate Maynard knew nothing.

After the funeral of her cousin, his widow wrote, begging Kate to come to her and share her home.

"Go, dear child," advised Mrs. Morgan. "It will be a comfort to Mrs. Maynard to be able to atone for his wrong, and with her your fortune is assured. I shall miss you, but rejoice that one gleam of sunshine has fallen upon your life."

Kate went to a new existence, into which poverty and toil would never enter; where Fanny Maynard's kindness and regard would surround her.

Yet the shadow of the terrible past lay darkly upon Kate's heart, and however thankful and grateful she felt for the good fortune which had brought her a home and affection, she could but remember the love which might have been her own. And though the hunted, frightened expression disappeared from her sweet face, a gentle sadness remained.

Early in the evening of the day that witnessed the arrest of James Williams and suicide of Mrs. Adams—as she had called herself—Mrs. Maynard and Kate sat alone together in the parlor.

It was the same room where the tempter had appealed to poor Maynard's weak pride, and induced him to do an act for which even his conscience afterward reproached him.

Mrs. Maynard thought of it now with a shudder, and when the door-bell suddenly rang gave a start, as though her remembrance had conjured up that evil spirit with the deadly green eyes.

Instantly recovering herself, however, and ashamed of her nervousness, she went to greet the visitors, who entered, and who proved to be Mrs. Morgan and a thin, gray-haired, careworn man. Him the former introduced as her brother, John Neal, and Mrs. Maynard, aware of his history, welcomed him with sympathetic kindness.

Kate, however, gazed at him incredulously, wonderingly, and to her, almost immediately, he addressed himself.

"We have met before. Do you remember?"

Kate glanced from him to Mrs. Morgan, and back again.

"I remember well the name—and—yes! the features seem the same—but—can it be possible?" she said, disconnectedly.

He took her hand and kissed it reverentially.

"It is possible," he replied with emotion. "I am he whom you met, struggling wildly, and with the strength of long despair, to fly from his wretched, unjust confinement. I am he to whom you came like the vision of an angel, and such indeed you have been, for it is to you, first of all, that I owe my deliverance."

Kate was deeply moved at hearing this, and responded earnestly.

"If it is indeed true that my going to that awful place has been the means of saving you, then I do not regret my sufferings there—no, not even the horrors of that night, when I fled through the darkness.

"Ah! I was not wrong in thinking you an angel!" John Neal replied.

Kate blushed at the fervent speech, and turning towards Mrs. Morgan, said:

"How little did I dream that he who so awakened my pity was your brother, dear, kind friend!"

Mrs. Morgan returned her look with a tenderness such as she had never before shown.

"The right prevails at last," was her reply.

Kate noticed the joyful radiance of her countenance, but attributed it all to thankfulness for her brother's release.

"Did he—did Mr. Howland save him?" she asked presently.

Mrs. Morgan smiled gladly.

"It was he, of course—who else?" she responded; "in whose hands but his would the cause of the weak grow strong?"

Kate's heart swelled in unison with this fond pride. Yet a sigh came unbidden, quickly repressed, however.

John Neal now gave an account of his captivity, and although Kate could not be wholly surprised, with the knowledge she already had, that the woman who had proved such a bitter enemy to her was his wife, and never had been the wife of Henry Nelson Adams, the fact was, in one sense, a relief. He had not been a married man, after all, who had deceived her in her girlish fancy.

The inhuman treatment John Neal had received at the hands of his wife filled her with horror and compassion. He stopped his narrative, however, at the point where Mr. Howland had obtained his release, and did not speak of that last interview with her who had so wronged him.

"I am now but a broken-down man," he said, in conclusion. "The little remnant of my life, and my fortune, I shall devote to the help of such unfortunates as those whom I have so long been among. But to you, Miss Maynard, should be my first duty, and I am disappointed, yet glad, too, that you no longer need such a friend as I would have been. The little I can do now is to be a prophet of tidings of great joy. I may not tell you all, only one has the right to do that, but I may say, rejoice! for the time of sorrow is past, and heavenly happiness very near!"

Bewildered, yet stirred by his prophecy and sincere feeling, Kate's heart lightened, and she smiled as she had not for many a month.

Mrs. Morgan meanwhile had drawn Mrs. Maynard aside, and both ladies now came towards Kate with traces of strong emotion upon their features, but with tender joy in their eyes.

"I am going to take you home with me, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Morgan, taking her hand. "I have something there to—to give you."

Her voice trembled a little. Kate could not understand it.

"Had I better go tonight?" she asked.

"Yes, go dear," Mrs. Maynard replied quickly. "Go, and—and—"

She did not finish her sentence, but kissed Kate on the forehead, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, walked away.

Kate grew more and more puzzled. There was something strange in the manner of all about her. Never had Mrs. Morgan been so motherly, so free from the least constraint. And what did John Neal's singular words mean? what was it she was going to? What was about to happen?

In a sort of maze, she made herself ready to go with Mrs. Morgan. Again Fanny Maynard kissed and embraced her, half weeping, half smiling, and John Neal bade her remember his prophecy. He did not go with them, and all the way in the carriage Mrs. Morgan held her hand. The prescience of some great good seemed to be in the air. Yet what could it be?

Mrs. Morgan did not trust herself to speak, lest the secret she was guarding should escape her. But when they stood in front of the closed door of her own little parlor she said tremulously:

"Go in, dear child, and take my blessing with you!"

Then, turning the knob, she pushed the wondering girl gently into the room, and, closing the door upon her, went away.

One step forward Kate took, then stopped, uttering a low cry.

For there, with the light shining upon his noble face, with a glad, triumphant, yet tender smile upon his lips, and inexpressible love in his eyes, stood Albert Howland.

"I have been waiting for you, Kate!" he said, and, with an impetuous movement, held out his arms.

She was trembling very much now, and could hardly speak.

"Ah! what does it all mean?" she gasped. "Why am I here? Whatever it may be that has happened, the barrier between us remains!"

"There is no barrier between us, Kate," he said, advancing to her side. She gazed at him blankly.

"Your words—your manner—almost persuade me, against my own senses, that it is true," she cried, clasping her hands together. Then, sadly, she added: "I cannot understand now—you mean it does not exist for you—that you in your generosity would ignore it. But I never can."

"You sent me away from you, I know, and I went. Do not fear that I shall try to break down that resolution. But——"

She checked the passionate words that would have escaped him.

He had intended to speak thus at first, but at the sight of her who was all the world to him his long-suppressed love had leaped out to meet her without his own volition.

He knew he must break the truth to her gradually, lest the sudden joy might kill her. Therefore, restraining his deep emotion, he said, soothingly: "You will listen to what I have to say, will you not? Something has happened which concerns you, and that is why I am here. Sit down, dear love, try and be calm while I explain."

Her heart thrilled at the endearing name which fell involuntarily from his lips, and she could not rebuke him. He led her to the sofa and took a seat beside her.

"You will be glad to hear that Dr. Newcomb, after being compelled to produce poor John Neal, absconded, in fear of what might follow. The affairs of the asylum are now being investigated by the proper authorities."

"Oh! I am thankful for that," she cried.

"You will be troubled no more by James Williams," he continued, slowly. "Suspecting another person to be guilty of a certain crime in which he was implicated, I led him to believe it was on him that the whole accusation would fall. His fears drove him to a full confession. She has saved his life, but not his liberty."

"That is why they were all so glad, then!" said Kate, not yet impressed by any inkling of the truth. "But what had he done?"

"He had concealed the guilt of the real perpetrator of a murder and allowed an innocent person to suffer."

At this significant response a dim, vague glimmer of light dawned upon her mind. The color left her cheeks. "Who was it? What was it?" she queried, in panting haste.

"The real criminal has acknowledged everything. She committed suicide after telling her story. It was the woman known as Mrs. Adams."

Kate only looked at him now. She dared not express in words the wild hope that was almost suffocating her by its whisper.

No, it could not be! It was impossible!

Albert Howland gently took her hand in his.

"If on the most terrible day of your life you had stopped to see what you had done, you would have found that the shot you fired hurt only the tree, where I lately found the bullet itself."

She needed no further explanation now. The whole truth burst upon her like an illumination from heaven.

The meaning of Mrs. Maynard's farewell kiss, of Mrs. Morgan's blessing, and John Neal's prophecy, was clear.

Sinking upon her knees at Albert Howland's feet she lifted high her transfigured face.

"Thank God!" She said only these two words. Silence for a moment followed. Then Albert Howland bent over her, and drew her into his arms.

"My own dear love, did I not speak truly when I said there was no barrier between us now?"

Her head rested against his heart. Her eyes answered him, and his lips met hers.

The awful shadow had passed away from her life, and the bright sun was shining.

CARL SCHURZ SPEAKS.

An Enthusiastic Independent Rally in Brooklyn.

Blaine's Record as a Public Man Reviewed and Scathingly Criticised.

Why the Laboring Men Should Vote for Grover Cleveland.

NEW YORK, August 6.—The Independent meeting in Brooklyn last night called about 1500 persons into the Grand Opera House to listen to Carl Schurz's views on the political problem. The speaker, who was introduced by Horace Deming, ex-president of the Young Men's Republican Club, said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In obedience to the invitations with which I have been honored, I stand here, in behalf of Republicans, opposing the presidential candidates of the Republican party. You may well believe me when I say that it is no pleasure to me to enter upon a campaign like this. But a candid statement of our reasons for the step we have taken is due to those whose companionship in the pending contest we have left. It is therefore to Republican that I address myself. I shall, of course, not waste any words upon politicians who follow the name of the party, right or wrong; but to the men of reason and conscience will I appeal, who loved their party for the good ends it was serving, and who were faithful to it in the same measure as it was faithful to the honor and the true interests of the republic. Let them hear me, and then decide whether the same fidelity will not irresistibly lead them where we stand now.

At the threshold I have to meet a misapprehension of our motives. It has been said, and, I suppose, believed by some, that we were dissatisfied with the Republican party because its present candidates were protectionists. This is easily answered. Is Senator Edmunds of Vermont a free trader? On the contrary, he is well known to be as strong a protectionist as any member of the Senate. And who among the candidates before the Republican National Convention was the favorite of the same "Independent Republicans" now opposing the Republican nominations? The same Senator Edmunds. Why was he their favorite? Because he was thoroughly trusted as an honest man, who could be depended upon to be faithful to those moral principles and political methods, the observance of which would make and keep the government honest. There was the decisive point. We should have supported other Republican candidates even of less prominence and of less ability than Mr. Edmunds possesses, no matter whether they were as strong protectionists as he, provided they satisfied that one fundamental requirement of unimpeachable, positive and active integrity. This is a fact universally known which no candid man will question. What, then, has the tariff question to do with the motives of our opposition? Nothing at all. And if any of those to whom these presents may come still assert that the tariff is the moving cause of our action they convict themselves of being afraid of the real reasons which govern us, and of

Seeking Artificially to Deceive the People

about them. So far, it may have been a mistake; now it will be a lie. Undoubtedly the tariff is an interesting and important subject; so is the currency; so is the bank question; so is the Mormon question; so are many others. At other times they might absorb our attention. But this time the Republican National Convention has, with brutal frankness, so that we may not deceive ourselves and others, put the issue squarely before us. Whether we will or not, forced upon the country another issue, which is infinitely more important, because it touches the vitality of our institutions. It is the question of honesty in government. I say the Republican convention has forced it upon the country, not by platform declarations, but by nominating for the presidency a man with a blemished public record. Understand me fully. The question is not merely whether Blaine, if elected, and notwithstanding his past career, would or would not give the country a comparatively honest administration. The question is much larger than that. It is whether the public record of the Republican candidate is not such as to make his election by the American people equivalent to a declaration on their part that honesty will no longer be one of the requirements of the government of the republic. It is whether such a declaration will not have the inevitable effect of sinking the government for generations to come, perhaps forever, into a state of demoralization and corruption such as we have never dreamed of before. If this is really the issue of this pending campaign, then I will admit it to be the most momentous that has been upon us since the civil war; nay, as momentous as any involved in the civil war itself.

Above all, let us be sure of the facts. Is the public character and record of the Republican candidate really such that his election would produce results of greater consequence to the future of the republic than the decision one way or the other of any political question now pending? Some of Mr. Blaine's friends assert that he is a much abused and calumniated man; that certain charges have been trumped up against him and exploded; that unscrupulous enemies are persecuting him with accusations of a vague and indefinite nature, using against him the insidious weapons of hint, insinuation and innuendo. If this be so, it is wrong. Mr. Blaine has a clear right to demand the facts. The citizens who are asked to vote against him on the ground of his character and record have a right to demand the facts.

Mr. Schurz here went into a long discussion of Blaine's record as a public man, reviewing the Little Rock transactions, the Mulligan letters, the Northern Pacific railroad land grants, and stating reasons why laboring men cannot consistently support the Republican nominee. He paid an eloquent tribute to Cleveland's honesty and statesmanship, and also said: This time, therefore, is uncommonly propitious for a change of power on account of the safety with which it can be effected. And here I may remark, by the way,

That the Scandalous Stories Recently Circulated

about Mr. Cleveland's private character have, to my knowledge, been carefully inquired into by several parties separately, by men of high standing in Buffalo, by a clerical gentleman on the editorial staff of the Independent, and by others, and that the reports of all of them, as they have come to me, based upon a conscientious study of the facts in the case, agree in pronouncing those stories monstrous calumnies on the man, which will recoil upon the inventors. The public will undoubtedly hear more from the investigators through the press. With this conviction I stand here speaking of Governor Cleveland. I beg Republicans to remember that when Mr. Cleveland was elected governor of New York, two years ago, it was through Republican support that he received his enormous majority. And I am sure every Republican in New York, whose object was not mere party advantage, but an honest, able and fearless administration of public affairs for the public good, has ever since congratulated himself upon the support he gave that Democratic candidate. To be sure, while receiving the hearty approbation and applause of the friends of good government, Governor Cleveland also made enemies. The bitterest among them were the greedy politicians, for whom he was not good enough a partisan because he was so good a governor; and he was so good a governor just because he was not a good enough partisan for them.

Mr. Blaine's advocates loudly complain that Governor Cleveland is not a statesman. It must be admitted that he is not a statesman in the Blaine sense. If he were, it would be dangerous to vote for him. He has evidently not the genius to be all things to everybody. He is not magnetic enough to draw every rascal to his support. He will probably be cold enough to freeze every job out of the White House. He is not brilliant enough to cover the whole world with flighty schemes. But, unless I am much mistaken, he possesses very much of that kind of statesmanship which is now especially required, and for which Mr. Blaine has conspicuously disqualified himself.

In conclusion he said, regarding the position of the workingmen: "What you need above all things is a government of just laws and of honest men to execute the laws. You need men who have the conscience and the courage to say 'No' to you when the law forbids that which you may ask for; for such men will have the conscience and courage to say 'No' to those more powerful than you when they ask for what is unjust and injurious to you. Beware of the demagogue who the more he flatters you with promises today the more he will be likely to betray you on tomorrow. Beware of the political jobber, for in the very nature of things he is always the monopolist's own pet and bedfellow. How can you, laboring men,

So Betray Your Own Interests

as to support a candidate whose election will mean that, in the opinion of the American people, jobbery in the government is a legitimate occupation, not to be punished, but to be honored.

This is the cause of patriotism and national pride, and it says to every citizen of the republic: Do you want the world abroad to respect the American name? Then show them first that the American people respect themselves. The American people will show how they respect themselves by the choice they make for their highest honors. Ask yourselves, Americans, how this republic will stand in the esteem of mankind, and how its influence will be upheld by the confidence of nations if the American people, by a solemn vote, proclaim to the world that official honor is to them a thing of indifference, and that they select their President from among those who have traded upon high official trust to make money.

And in the face of all this, still the cry of 'Party!' Woe to the republic whose citizens think of party, and nothing but party, when the honor of their country and the vitality of their government are at stake. But, happily, what an impotent cry it is in these days! Look around you and see what is going on. The time for a new migration of political forces seems to have come. The elements are restlessly moving, in all directions breaking through the barriers of old organizations. Here they march and there, some with uncertain purpose, crossing one another's paths, and sometimes even their own. No doubt one of the candidates of the two great parties will be president. But neither of the two parties when it issues from the struggle will be what it was before. This is the disorder which evolves new energies for good or for evil. Such are periods of promise, but also of danger. What will come we cannot foresee. But in the confusion that surrounds us it is the part of patriotic men to stand together with clear heads and one firm purpose. Their duty is plain. It is to see to it that, whatever the future may build up, its foundations at least be kept sound; that the honor of the American people be preserved intact, and that all political parties, new or old, become forever impressed with the utter hopelessness of any attempt to win success without respecting that vital condition of our greatness and glory, which is honest government.

COWBOY AND CYCLIST.

Thomas Stevens' Wheeling Tour Around the World—Over the Sierras Through the Snow-Sheds, and Across the Great Desert.

"So you feel confident of making a circle of the world on your bicycle, do you, Mr. Stevens?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I have already wheeled from San Francisco to Boston, and I know of nothing that will keep me from carrying out my undertaking."

As almost every one has heard, Thomas Stevens started from San Francisco, Cal., last spring, with the avowed intention of cycling around the world. He met with little encouragement, many looked upon it as nothing more than the freak of a crazy man. Now that the plucky wheelmen has accomplished this much of his journey, the doubters will begin to think that the capabilities of the bicycle are greater than they ever thought.

Mr. Stevens reached Boston at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and was shortly afterwards called upon by a representative of THE GLOBE. He is of medium height and well built, and has a very pleasing manner. He is naturally the fairest of blondes, but so thoroughly have the sun and wind done their work that even the hue of his light moustache his face would be taken for anything rather than a white man's. He is an Englishman by birth, and is about 29 years of age. His attire consisted of blue flannel shirt, brown knickerbockers, blue stockings, canvas shoes and a once white military helmet hat. A note book was strapped to the lead of his machine. His clothing showed unmistakable signs of hard wear. His knickerbockers have been replaced four times. The machine he has used is a fifty-inch Standard Columbia bicycle. He has seldom had occasion to repair it and thinks it may

Carry Him Through the Whole Trip.

Mr. Stevens talked freely but very modestly, seeming to be unaware that what he had accomplished was at all extraordinary. "I am making the journey," said he, "partly for pleasure and partly for other reasons. I have no schedule time in which to reach the different places, and am consequently indifferent as to time, but when on the wheel I push along as fast as possible without fatigue."

I started from San Francisco April 22. The weather was warm and pleasant. I followed the old California trail, the one pursued by the gold hunters of '49. When I reached the Sierras, the weather was exceedingly cold, and there were ten feet of snow on the level. Had it not been for the snow sheds, through which I travelled for forty miles, it would have been impossible for me to progress at all. I followed the Union Pacific railroad as closely as possible, so as to avail myself of the hospitality of the section houses, which, in the "bad lands" and deserts, were in only resources to obtain either food or water. In crossing the 40-mile desert, on which there is not a drop of water or a blade of grass, I passed numberless skeletons of mules and all kines of animals, left by the immigrants who used to find the crossing of this desert the most difficult portion of their journey to the golden lands."

"Riding through Utah I skirted the northern borders of the great American desert, and then followed the river to Ogden. From there I wheeled to Omaha and then to Chicago, where I arrived July 4. I stopped there eight days, during the Democratic Convention. The worst part of my ride was now over, and I had but little difficulty in pedaling rapidly on and

Reaching Here in Three Weeks' Time."

"How did you manage to get your bicycle across the rivers?" asked the reporter. "I presume you found but few bridges."

"There were very few bridges," Mr. Stevens replied, "but I could usually find a ford and carry my machine across. Several times, however, the water was so deep I had to swim across and float my wheel on fence posts."

"Did you have any trouble with the Indians?"

"None whatever. I met many of them, and they were all of course greatly astonished at my wheel, but none attempted to molest me. A number were anxious to try and ride the machine, but one trial was usually enough."

"How about the cowboys?"

"Oh, they treated me all right," replied the cyclist, laughingly; "in fact, I am a cowboy myself, and you know we don't go back on one another."

"Did you have much difficulty in obtaining food on your journey?"

"None, except when crossing the deserts, and even then I could usually get what I wanted at the section houses along the railroads. I never went more than twenty-four hours without eating. The inhabitants all through the West are the most hospitable of people, and they always did everything they could for me."

"Are you to remain long in Boston?" questioned the reporter.

"I shall probably stay here two or three weeks, and then go to New York, from where I shall sail for England, and in the fall continue my wheel around the globe, crossing Europe and Asia. Since starting from San Francisco I have, when on land, been carried by nothing but my bicycle, and I intend completing my journey the same way."

This afternoon Mr. Stevens will be at the Union Athletic grounds, on Dartmouth street, at 2 o'clock, when he will be pleased to meet wheelmen and all interested in wheeling, to whom he will relate a brief account of his eventful journey. It is very probable that before he leaves the city a race will be arranged between him and some well-known local rider.

TO EXPEL INTRUDERS.

United States Troops Begin to Clear the Indian Territory.

WASHINGTON, August 7.—The War Department is informed that several companies of troops will today enter Oklahoma land, the Cherokee strip and the Panhandle region of the Indian Territory to expel the invaders. It is expected that about 2000 intruders will be found and expelled, and the men turned over to the nearest United States marshal. The women and children will be removed beyond the borders of the territory. The houses and fences will be destroyed, and stock and implements turned over to the Interior Department. Many of the settlers claim, by virtue of undisputed possession and extensive improvements, they have obtained a title, but the department makes no such concession, and all will be expelled. In the more thickly-settled portions the Indians have already repulsed intruders.

CRUISE OF A BOSTON BARKENTINE.

Interesting Details of a Nineteen Days' Stay at Colon Given by First Mate Grove of the Albert Schultz.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 7.—The Boston barkentine Albert Schultz, Captain Rich, from Colon July 7, has arrived in port in ballast.

Mr. J. R. Grove, first officer, gives some interesting facts connected with a nineteen days' stay in Colon. He says of all that time there was not one whole dry day experienced.

The yellow fever has broken out at Panama and was spreading towards Colon, where there were already a few isolated cases. There were, however, many deaths from other causes every day, and on the morning of the Schultz' departure fourteen bodies passed close to the vessel on their way to the cemetery at Monkey hill. Much sickness prevailed.

Every vessel that left that port lost one or more of their crews by sickness developed after getting to sea. Captain Rich, by energetic sanitary measures and keeping his men on board ship, kept away dangerous illness. The death rate on the line of the Panama canal was very large, and it was the opinion in Colon that the present season was going to be remarkable for sickness. But little progress was being made on the Colon end of the canal. It was rumored that operations would be suspended September 1 in order to make up complete accounts of the financial condition of the enterprise up to that time. Mr. Grove says that life is very insecure in Colon after nightfall. A good suit of clothes and the jingle or show of money will mark the owner as a victim, especially if he moves about alone. Three men were murdered within a stone's throw of the Schultz. Their cries for help could be heard from the vessel. When reached, they were dead and robbed. One of the victims was an engineer of the New York steamer City of Para. The two others were also attached to vessels in port. The sanitary condition of Colon is frightful. The streets are filled with offal, which is allowed to remain till decomposed. Frenchtown, the headquarters of the officers and workmen connected with the canal, a short distance from Colon, is described as a beautiful place, in which cleanliness is one of the striking features.

Snow to be Mixed With Salt.

[Canastola (N. Y.) Herald.]

W. Timmerman, owner of a creamery near Clockville, Madison county, is the owner of an immense snowbank which lies on his farm, and from which he is still getting snow in quantities sufficient to cool all the milk used in his creamery. The snow will last but a few days longer. The snowbank was not in a gorge, but on land that could be ploughed.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Current Comment on a Variety of Subjects.

Cullings from the Flowers of Fashion—The Revival of the Styles of Fifty Years Ago.

Pink and White—Children's Fashions—Travelling Gloves.

A personal letter from the far-away West has in it something about "woman's sphere" and "equality" and all that, in which occurs a suggestive sentence: "Equality of the sexes! Yes; but I should 'fight shy' of a woman who could have mounted and ridden my Texan colt Talisman as I did after thirteen horsemen had tried him one after another and had failed to stick in the saddle. I can have no admiration for amazons."

How people do build up bug-a-boos and then get terribly frightened at the mere mention of them! Ten to one if they see the actual thing when it isn't labelled "bug-a-boo" they never dream of thinking it anything out of the common run. But just put the name on it, "I am thus and so," and how they will run.

Why should the owner of Talisman think the woman who could ride him such a condemnable piece of humanity? Physical strength and courage, daring, strength of will, skill in horsemanship, those are the qualities it required, and are they not all excellent things for a woman to have? I venture that if Talisman's subduer had met a woman possessing enough such qualities to equal his feat and had not known that she could do it, he would have been charmed with her grace and spirit.

And, did he but know it, it takes just as much strength and courage and daring, and a hundred times more fortitude, to do many things which women have daily been called upon to do ever since time was and women were. And yet he, and all men, honor women for these things. Why disapprove when they use the same qualities in another way?

When a woman is brave and courageous and goes out to face the world, and makes a plucky, womanly fight to gain an independent living, or support those dependent upon her, people applaud and say she has done something commendable. And yet the women who stay at home need just as much courage and bravery and pluck to enable them to come up smiling over the difficulties they have daily to meet.

Why do we not give as much honor in one case as the other?

The amazons are a fable and a fiction. A woman who possseses a woman's heart and a woman's soul is always a woman, no matter what she can do. The ability to ride a hundred Talismans in succession, each one worse than the preceding, does not in the least lessen or becloud her womanly thoughts, abilities, likings—in short, her womanly nature. Now and then there are women who have not the womanly nature. But they are rare, though they always have existed and always will exist. The masculine women are not like women who accomplish manual things. They who do those things are more thoroughly feminine than many women who never leave the beaten paths. For the greater strength of nature and of character which is demanded for such unusual work is sure to be accompanied also by greater strength of the womanly nature. Even the ability to ride Talisman would call for a more loving nature, a tenderer heart and a softer touch of the hand than would be possessed by the woman who screams and runs at sight of a cow.

It isn't only the landlords of the summer hotels who are disgusted and despairing over the cold and rainy weather. All feminine stay-at-homes should think with tenderness and sorrow of their sisters at the summer resorts who can't wear any of those bewitching summer toilets on account of the weather. Life has compensations, and if one can't spend the summer in pursuit of pleasure, one can be relieved, this season, from the irritation of thinking how lovely one might look if it weren't for the horrid rain and cold winds.

Do all women wish they were men? In a story that was being read aloud the other day one of the characters is made to say: "You are a woman. Do you wish me to tell you the deepest desire of your soul? It is this, 'How I wish I were a man.' I never met a woman who had not that desire planted deep within her."

"I think that is false," said the reader, emphatically.

"It may be true of many women, intellectual, full of ambition, who find the avenues to the positions to which they know or feel themselves entitled shut off on account of their sex. But it is not true of women in general."

Perhaps that is true, but my observation is that it is the "women in general" who oftenest and most strongly wish they were men. The women who are "intellectual, full of ambition," are oftener contented to be as they are than are the women who have not a great deal of either. And I think the wish is less common now than it has been in the years past.

FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Culled from Various Sources—Revival of Old Styles—Pink and White Combinations—Travelling Gloves.

This summer has seen the revival of "pink and white" in various charming combinations. We will not follow Mrs. Stowe's example and call it "tyranny," for fashion is nothing now if not various, and certainly cannot be called tyrannical. Still, there are always certain "kinks" that have a following, and ideas that seem to be in the air; and pink and white, instead of the yellow and white, which has floated about us so long, is one of these ideas or influences. Pink and white surah, the skirt composed mainly of alternate narrow ruffles with lace over the pink, and a wide, soft ribbon belting in the waist, makes a lovely costume. There are also pink ginghams for morning wear trimmed with white braid, and pink nuns-veiling made over white, and embroidered with small starry white blossoms to a depth which forms an apron or a complete drapery. Very wide embroideries are a feature of the season; white dresses are made up with bands of embroidery, made of piece embroidery, and trimming with an edging matching its pattern and with ribbons which are almost universal of all secondary toilets. Upright lines and panels are as fashionably used as ever, but it is a mistake to employ so much elaboration in the cutting and arrangement of simple washing or inexpensive woollen materials; the style should be carefully adapted to the material and its purpose; or it suggests ignorance, as well as the limits of the wardrobe of the wearer. A lady who could have an elaborate design made up in silk or satin would never dream of copying the same model in ordinary woollen or cotton.

Fashions of Fifty Years Ago.

Present fashions recall many memories to those who are on the shady side of fifty, who have passed through several decades of fashions and remember their own youth and the modes of their own day. That which is novel to the young is a revival of their own youth to them, for the fashions of today take in much that was current thirty and even forty years ago, and it is not at all extraordinary to see ladies appear in gowns that have hardly seen the light for upward of a quarter of a century, yet look not greatly different from those which have only just left the hands of the dressmaker. During the coming autumn the number of correspondences will be increased; for to the shot silks and figured muslins, the printed challis, and thin wool delaines will be added Irish poplins, the Scotch granites, and the useful mohairs, all of which have been consigned to oblivion for many years, and the reappearance of which is in the nature of a resurrection. If remains to be seen whether these fabrics, which demand straight, somewhat stiff, and stately lines in the cut and adjustment, will hold their own against softer materials, and more flowing draperies. The truth is, there is a place for all; long lines

Boston Weekly Globe.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1884.

AGENTS WANTED.

We wish every subscriber would act as agent to secure subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. Democrats should remember that in doing all they can to increase its circulation they are contributing to the election of a Democratic president. Push THE GLOBE everywhere; ask everybody to subscribe. Agents' rates and sample copies sent free upon application.

NAMES OF DEMOCRATS.

We respectfully ask subscribers to forward lists of names of Democrats who are not subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE. We will send free sample copies to such names as soon as they are received. In no way can the good cause of Democracy be advanced so profitably as by the circulation of a sound Democratic weekly like the GLOBE. Send all the names you can.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage, for only $1 00; six copies for only $5 00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers, all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town, county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

The Tribune, the leading BLAINE organ of the country, refuses outright to pay its printers the prices which other papers pay. How these BLAINE leaders do love the workingmen!

Boston seems about to come in for a share of the export trade in oil. Heretofore vessels which would have been glad to get such a cargo have been obliged to go away from here in ballast.

London had a hot day on Friday, so hot that the bad odors from the Thames made the House of Commons almost unendurable. A pretty condition for the first city of the civilized world to be in!

According to Mr. CARROLL D. WRIGHT'S investigations, the ratio of women's to men's wages in Massachusetts is as 51.39 to 100. That is, the average wages of women are only a little over one-half those of men.

The fact that the Indian bureau has been crowded out of the pension office suggests the reflection that perhaps the Indians and the country generally would manage to exist even if the Indian bureau were crowded out altogether.

New Jersey Republicans appear to have given up the fight in advance. The State Convention for the choice of candidates for electors was entitled to 650 delegates, yet only a few over 100 were present. There was no contest for the empty honor of being voted down by the Democratic hosts.

The Grand Army boys had a great reunion at Old Orchard Thursday. More than 25,000 persons were present, and everything but the clam-bake was a success. Fifty bushels of bivalves for 25,000 mouths, however, was rather too much of a presumption on the delicacy of the American stomach.

A sub-committee of the national convention of dentists must have stopped in Boston on their way through. A dog which, it was alleged, had bitten some one, was taken before the police commissioners to answer to the charge, so to speak, when it was found that he had no teeth. The bow-wow was allowed to go in peace.

Grim-visaged war threatens France and China. Canton is making extensive preparations for the foe, fortifying the islands and other places of vantage in the most approved manner. Least-wise, that was the report yesterday. A directly contrary one within twenty-four hours would surprise no one.

MR. HENRY NELSON, clerk to Speaker CARLISLE, has prepared a statement, published by Mr. CHARLES H. WHITING of Boston, concerning the high taxes with which the country is now afflicted and the causes. Mr. GEORGE F. BABBITT of this city, who takes great interest in the tariff question, holds the copyright.

Testimony before the congressional committee on ordnance is to the effect that "the steel-producing capacity of this country is equal to all possible needs." It certainly has produced a wonderful amount of steal, but this has never as yet seemed to be quite equal to the needs of those producing it. At any rate, they have kept right on stealing.

If two hotel and three ocean disasters in the news of one day make nervous people hesitate about taking the risks of travel, they must remember the labors of that benefactor of his race who proved by statistics that proportionally more people die at home in their beds than on their travels; and that, therefore, it is safer to travel than stay at home.

"The spawn of the blunders, the wars and the corruption of our history," is the way JOHN BRIGHT paints the House of Peers red. And then he comes down in his colors to a very sober and Quaker-like drab, and says that all he wants is a limitation of their veto power. To American ears that sounds like a great deal of talk to a very small bit of reform.

A writer in the Critic has an attack of that periodical malady of inventing a pronoun of common gender which breaks out among certain people with great regularity. His suggestion is to combine "that" and "one" into "thon," thus making a pronoun which would refer gracefully to any unknown person, without regard to sex, race, color or previous condition of servitude. His suggestion has the merit of more common sense than is usual with such inventions; but would he himself have the moral courage to say to a company of guests in his own house, "If any one likes to ride thon can have a horse whenever thon wishes it?" The majority of people will probably continue to say "they."

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

Comparatively few voters are aware of the modus operandi of electing a president and vice-president of the United States. They understand that on election day they go to their voting places and deposit a ballot containing a number of names equal to the whole number of senators and representatives in Congress from their State; that the men for whom they vote on that ticket are expected to vote for certain candidates for president and vice-president, providing the ticket on which they run has a majority or plurality in the State, and that if enough States vote in accordance with their political ideas, then the candidates whom they favor are chosen to fill the presidential and vice-presidential chairs respectively. But the particulars they do not know.

In the first place the Constitution of the United States provides that each State, as above mentioned, shall have as many votes for president and vice-president as it has senators and representatives in Congress. Massachusetts, for instance, has two senators and twelve representatives; hence she possesses fourteen electoral votes, the aggregate of all the States being, by the way, 401. The Legislature of the State is authorized by the Constitution of the Union to prescribe the method of electing the men who are to cast the vote of the State for president and vice-president, so that the Legislature of any State could today, if it saw fit, decide to choose the electors itself, and, in fact, that custom prevailed until 1824. Since that time, however, in pursuance of laws passed by the various Legislatures, the electors have been chosen by popular vote.

Any person having the right to vote for a member of the House of Representatives in a State Legislature is entitled to vote for presidential electors in that State. A United States statute, however, fixes a uniform day of election for every State in the Union—"the next Tuesday after the first Monday in November in every fourth year succeeding every election of a president and vice-president." On the first Wednesday in December the persons (fourteen in Massachusetts) who have received the highest number of votes at the polls on election day, as certified to by proper authorities, meet in accordance with United States law at a place designated by the State law—generally the State House—and ballot for president and vice-president. Usually this is a mere formality, as for instance if the Republicans have carried the State the electors chosen will be Republicans and will vote for the Republican candidates, and if the Democrats have been victorious in the State the electors chosen will vote for the Democratic candidates.

Although there is nothing but a moral obligation binding any elector to vote for his party's candidates, an elector who votes otherwise is something almost unheard of. The theory on which the fathers proceeded in arranging for a choice by electors selected by the people instead of by a direct choice by the people was that the ablest men in the State would be chosen for electors; men who would be most capable of making a wise choice for president without regard to party ties. In practice, however, they always vote for the candidates of the party by which they are chosen.

Each State, too, generally casts its entire vote for the candidates of one party, though now and then a fusion of two parties occurs, when each by agreement puts a certain number of names on the ticket to be supported by the people, and the voters of each element in the fusion vote the entire ticket, and if the ticket is chosen, then at the meeting of the electors selected they individually vote for the nominees of the party to which they belong. For instance here in Massachusetts, Mr. BLAINE being a constitutional prohibitionist and Mr. ST. JOHN also a prohibitionist, the leaders of the BLAINE Republicans and of the Prohibitionists might agree to run a fusion ticket, allowing, perhaps, BLAINE, 10, and ST. JOHN, 4. If the ticket were successful the vote of Massachusetts would be cast, 10 for BLAINE and 4 for ST. JOHN.

After the electors have met and cast their votes—those for president and vice-president being recorded separately and distinctly—they make out three sets of certificates, containing the number of votes given by them for a candidate or candidates. One set is sent by them in care of a messenger to the president of the Senate at Washington, another set is mailed by them to the same officer, and the third is deposited with the judge in the district where they meet. The certificate sent by messenger must reach Washington on or before the first Wednesday in January next following the election, else a messenger is sent to the electors by the president of the Senate.

On the second Wednesday in February the president of the Senate, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, opens the certificates from all the States, and the votes for the various candidates for president are then counted. There are 401 votes in all. If any one candidate has a majority—201—he is declared president, and the same is true of the candidate for vice-president. But if no candidate for president has the necessary 201, then the three highest candidates are taken and the House of Representatives elects one of these three for president. The representatives do not vote individually, however, but by States, the candidate who is the choice of a majority of the representatives of the State receiving the vote of that State, and each State having but one vote. In the present Congress, the Democrats having a majority of the representatives in more than half the States, the Democratic candidate would this year be elected if the contest were thrown into the House.

For vice-president, in case the certificates show a majority for no one candidate, then the two highest on the list are taken, and from these the Senate, voting by individuals, selects one, who is thus elected vice-president. Hence, this year, the Republicans having a majority in the Senate, if the election were thrown into the Senate, the Republican candidate for vice-president would be elected.

The report that W. W. BAIR, the driver of Maud S., received $10,000 through the well-known liberality of W. H. VANDERBILT seems to be unfounded, for it now appears that Mr. BAIR'S contract was with Captain GEORGE M. STONE, and not with Mr. VANDERBILT, and that he was paid only $3000. It also appears now that, despite Mr. VANDERBILT'S assertion that he keeps the mare for his own pleasure and not for racing purposes, Captain STONE, the manager of the horse, made a wager of $100 with D. H. LOUDERBECK of Chicago that the mare would not beat 2.11¾. If this makes a record under the rules then Maud S. has a record of 2.09¾.

BOSTON'S WORKINGWOMEN.

There are in Boston 20,000 women earning their own living, in whole or in part, in occupations other than domestic service. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has just issued a report upon the "moral, sanitary, physical and economical conditions" of these women, giving therein the results of examination into the condition of more than 1000 workingwomen engaged in widely differing industries. The result is a sad story. No one can read these columns of figures and think of all the grinding economy, the close account of the necessaries of life, the wearing anxiety, and the terror lying behind them, without feeling his nerves tingle with helpless indignation at the injustice of the social conditions of which they are consequences.

The average actual earnings for one week, generalizing from the 1000 to the 20,000, are $6 35. But a large proportion, nearly three-fourths, lose three months out of the year. This brings down the average weekly earnings for the whole year to $4 91. The average weekly income, including earnings, assistance and income from extra work, is $5 17 for the year.

It requires a good deal of imagination to understand just what it means to support one's self for seven days on $5—close application and hard work ten hours per day, the severest economy, close calculation upon every expenditure, poor food and sometimes not enough of that, but little recreation and less pleasure, constant, wearing anxiety lest somewhere, somehow, the slender bridge will break, an occasional undertone of terror lest situation and income will be gone in a night, and, with it all, the knowlege that, do the best they can, it is impossible to save anything.

Out of the 1032 girls whose circumstances were personally examined, only 120 were able to accumulate any savings On an average, the margin outside of the absolute necessaries of life was $7 77. Must it not be a happy life that is separated only by such a narrow step as that from mere animal existence? And what of the social and economic conditions that are the cause of it all? Isn't it plain that there is a deep-lying wrong somewhere in our much-vaunted civilization when it bears such fruit as this?

A good many, 68 per cent., live either at home or with relatives, or have the home atmosphere about them in some way. This makes existence a little less dismal, though it does not often make it financially much easier. For by far the larger part either pay board or help support, some entirely support, their families.

It is noteworthy that 85 per cent. do, either entirely or in part, their own housework and sewing. With that burden added to their ten hours' work in factory, shop or store, is it strange that the faces of our workingwomen should be so sad and worn?

The most gratifying part of the entire report is that which is devoted to their moral condition. The charge is often heard that immorality runs riot in the large establishments of Boston, and that the ranks of prostitution are constantly recruited from the army of workingwomen. But the bureau's investigation does not substantiate those charges. On the contrary, it has been found that workingwomen do not often slip from the heroic struggle they are making for an honest, honorable living. "The testimony," says Colonel Wright, "of capable and honest women, of the heads of departments in dry goods stores, millinery establishments, of forewomen in shops, matrons of homes, and of all those best informed and in the best position to give testimony on this point, is that the workinggirls are as respectable, as moral and as virtuous as any class of women in our community."

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.

The romance of the GREELEY expedition, however completely the history may be written, can never be told. The suffering and privations, alternate days of hope and despair, the heroism of the little band of survivors in that Arctic climate, battling with the elements in the awful winter of the polar region, form a romance more thrilling than any fiction ever published.

When the little band of survivors were found lying under their frail shelter they were so much emaciated by hunger and wasted by privation that it was not prudent to allow them to satisfy their appetite, and they were fed in small quantities with dried pemmican, crackers and brandy. This only added to their desire for food, and they asked for more. Upon being refused they appealed in piteous tones for more. But prudence forbade and they were kindly but firmly refused. Those who had strength to rise, fell on their knees and implored their rescuers to grant the request, but, though it was a difficult thing to do, they were denied. As an example of the devotion of the men to their commander, it may be stated that even though their desire for food was as great as his, they begged that his request might not be denied, and urged them to respect an officer of the navy,

Lieutenant GREELEY, though not able to move, was as urgent in his petition for food as any of the men, but he had to be denied; and at last, finding his request not likely to be granted, took from beneath his resting-place a can of the filthy seal-skin soup, and declared if he could get nothing better he would eat that. This was gently taken from him, but he produced another, which was also secured. At last, driven to desperation by the temptation to eat, he took another can from the same receptacle and placed it beneath him, declaring that he would not give it up. This was secured by strategy. He was offered some good food if he would give up the can, which he did. But the pemmican was withheld from him. It was a hard thing for the rescuers to do, but necessity demanded it.

A touching story is related of one of the poor fellows now dead, who upon finding in a cache made by Lieutenant CALDWELL, among bedding, clothing, etc., a uniform coat with the name of CALDWELL upon it, and believing the officer to be dead, carefully cut off the braid and buttons from the garment, folded them up in a little package to bring them home to the friends of that officer. These were found among the effects of the dead man by Lieutenant CALDWELL himself.

Such acts as this touch the heart and dim the eyes with tears as we see in our own circles so many evidences of selfishness.

The long and lonely Arctic winters with the days of idleness were spent in every conceivable occupation and amusement calculated to drive away thoughts that were saddened by the comparison of present surroundings with the crowding memories of a happy past. The old greasy pack of cards, the well-thumbed book and worn pamphlet, all served to while away many a weary hour. In one instance some newspapers which had been torn in pieces to wrap around some lemons were carefully preserved, and fitted together piece by piece, and when it had been read on one side thoroughly it was turned over and fitted together and read on the other side.

All these incidents, little in themselves, form chapters of intense interest that can never be fully written even by the sufferers themselves. They cannot be described, they must have been experienced to be understood.

WHAT IT COSTS.

A correspondent writes to THE GLOBE for information about the cost of the navy during the last twenty years, compared with its cost during the twenty ante-bellum years and the cost of the navies of foreign nations.

In view of the air with which the Republican platform demands the "restoration of the navy to its old-time efficiency," and the cry that is being raised by that party's speakers and writers over the decay of the navy, the figures asked for by our correspondent are of a good deal of interest.

During the twenty years beginning with 1864 and ending with 1883, years of Republican control, the expenditures for the navy amounted, in round numbers, to $572,000,000. Ought not that to have been enough to provide a navy as powerful as any that now floats the seas?

During the twenty years, 1841-60, our naval expenditure was only, in round numbers, $192,000,000, while the expenditure up to 1866, including the years of the war, raises that sum to only $518,000,000. The appropriations of 1866-84 make a total of $410,000,000. This sum excludes, of course, all war expenditures, and takes the navy up when it was in a prosperous condition. But it is more than twice for nineteen years what the navy cost for twenty years before the war.

By all means let us have the navy restored to "its old-time efficiency"—on its old-time basis of cost!

The navy, according to the report of its secretary for 1883, consists of a total of ninety-six vessels—steam and sailing vessels, iron-clads, rams and tugs—of which only fifty-two were in efficient service. And to sustain this weakling affair and keep it afloat another year Congress appropriated $15,894,434.

England's navy consists of 238 vessels, maintained at a cost of $51,000,000. France's force of 258 vessels costs her $32,000,000. Germany has eighty-six vessels in her navy, which cost her $9.000,000, Russia holds 389 vessels at her call and expends upon them $19,000,000, which is a very much lower sum than the average yearly cost of the American navy since the war. Germany spends less by half upon her navy than, on an average, we have done since the war.

In view of these few facts and figures and the vast meaning they carry behind them, the outcry the Republican party is making about the navy, their lamentations over its decay, and their fierce demand that it be restored to "its old-time efficiency," combine to make a piece of the most colossal cheek of which even they have ever been guilty.

A SCHEME THAT WENT AGLEY.

A person laboring under the name of BASELY has invented a very ingenious scheme for getting back to the United States from London without cost. He voluntarily surrendered himself to the police, and told a most heartrending story about the pangs of conscience and the gnawings of remorse he was daily suffering, because he had forged a check for $450 on a New York bank—and had used up all the money. He expressed so much gratitude to the police for putting him in quod, and so putting him out of the way of forging any more checks, and for the meals furnished him, that it must have looked to the police like a case of preternaturally developed conscience, very much more than American criminals who have filched anything out of a bank, whether as president, cashier or outsider, had ever been known to show.

But the mystery was cleared up when communication with the bank toward which he was yearning with such pangs of remorse and desire for atonement showed that they knew nothing about him and had had no forged check presented for $450 or any other amount.

BASELY evidently thought it would be a good scheme by which to get a free ocean trip, or else he is a crank on the subject of conscience.

The Democracy of Massachusetts inaugurated the campaign Friday night by two of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in New England. It was not the enthusiasm of noise, although there was frequent and prolonged cheering; it was rather the enthusiasm of determination that possesses the souls of men when they know they are in the right and see that success is about to crown their endeavors; an enthusiasm born of convictions that does not rely on brass bands for its intensity, and which is as strong in the silent walks of life as it is in public avowal. The men who went to Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple last evening were those who participate in politics for the sake of good government instead of for personal gain, and as citizens of the Commonwealth and common country believe in supporting men who have public records of purity rather than of partisanship. So, in the generally accepted sense, it was not a gathering of either of the two great parties, but a spontaneous rallying of the best men of all organizations, of the citizens who believe that Grover Cleveland represents America's ideal of a statesman, and, as such, and not because he is a Democrat, he should be elevated to the presidency. Men attended the meetings who had never met at political demonstrations before. Stanch friends of Sumner and Everett all through their illustrious careers, and invincible old Democrats, who have voted the straight ticket since the days of Jackson, sat side by side on the platform and mingled their cheers for a common cause. Under one banner and with one purpose the representatives of the Bay State have told the country in emphatic terms where they stand and what they propose to do at the coming election.

Greek is decidedly getting the worst of the matter in the current contest between the dead languages and practical studies. The study of Greek was recently abolished in the Chicago high schools and the Cleveland School Board is now discussing the same matter, with the probability that it will take the same action. So far, the fruits of the Greek discussion have principally affected the public schools, in which has appeared the reaction against the extreme notions about public school education which have been getting current of late years.

After GLADSTONE'S long course of shilly-shallying on the Egyptian question, in which he has succeeded in outraging the rights of a weaker nation, straining the relations between England and France, and uselessly exposing the life of General GORDON, he brings up, high and dry, notwithstanding all the bitter opposition of the Conservatives to his policy, with a vote of 174 to 14 in favor of the relief expedition to the Soudan. Mr. GLADSTONE has played his cards with wonderful astuteness, for he makes this overwhelming vote look like an expression of confidence in his policy. It may be that, and it may be only an expression of the sense of honor with which the nation's dues to General GORDON are regarded.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The best disinfectants—pure air, clean water and clear sunlight.

English capitalists continue to invest in mineral lands and manufacturing sites in this country.

The handsomer the servant girl the shorter her stay in a married man's house, murmurs Fritz.

Thirty years ago two or three men made the few hundred base balls used in this country. Now they are made at the rate of over 2,000,000 a year.

This anecdote is told of Rev. Mr. De Lisle, one of the old "Western circuit riders": The preacher found it impossible to make any progress in Hardin county, O. De Lisle went there and a crowd numbering thousands gathered to hear him. When it came to a collection between $4 and $5 was raised. Glancing at the battered coins, buttons, etc., the preacher yelled: "The Lord will never damn the souls in Hardin county singly, but He'll put about forty of them in a box and damn the box."

New York World: It is noteworthy that the Blaineites never talk of "carrying" a State but always of "purchasing" it.

Brother Gardner notices that "if you have $2 an' your naybur only $1, he am gwine ter feel envious an' jealus jist 100 cents' wuth. De man who sots on de fence an' whittles, takin' life as it comes an' goes, has no inemies. It am de man who seeks to better himself—to climb up—to force success, dat has inemies on ebery hand."

A correspondent at Old Orchard, Me., writes: "Anywhere in Maine a man who wants a drink can get it, only in some instances slyness and lying are added to the sin of drunkenness—a result not complimentary to the moral working of the law."

Exchange: "I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He is getting worse every day. He is perfectly worthless." "O, don't borrow trouble. That boy will be all right. Some day a great actress will be sure to come along and take him for a husband."

The Commercial Gazette tells of a Cincinnati man who baits a steel trap with catnip, entices his neighbors cats to his back yard and destroys them. He is a member of the Society for the Suppression of Music.

There is a reward of $10,000 offered by the French government to any one who will successfully and economically apply electricity to the lighting and heating of dwellings.

G. W. Lindquist, one of the survivors of the Polaris expedition, declares that no arctic voyager need expect to be made a hero of very long after his return. He holds a master's certificate and was once toasted from town to town, but now, as he laughingly admits, is able to find no better position than quarter-master on a coasting steamer.

"Captain Joe," the local chief of the Washoe Indians, says that there is a squaw living in the outskirts of Carson, Nev., who is nearly 150 years old. Her grandson, at the age of 90, was one of General Fremont's guides when he crossed the plains.

On the subject of "Prolonging Life," Chambers' Journal recalls the following, which is of interest in these days of athletic sports: "The plan of 'hardening,' based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer, obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the 'hardening school.' Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial."

Professor Austin Phelps, D. D., says that death is to all minds alike a dread, appalling presence, from its first conception till life's close. Say what men may of it, all men fear it. He declares that the most devout Christian and the most sensuous sceptic recoil from it, resist it, put it out of sight, struggle to forget it to the last. "It is the one overwhelming terror of every human life."

New York Herald: There is another reason why the "Boys in Blue" may be presumed to object to Mr. Blaine. He is endeavoring to win the support of contractors and jobbers on the promise of "an aggressive American policy," which, if it does not bring on war, will make it imminent and at least bring on the fat contracts. The "Boys in Blue" are no friends of the army contractor and his partner. They were his victims in the war.

John Bright has made the English lords very sick. He favors their abolition.

The "conscience fund" amounts to $250,000. Mr. Blaine had not contributed at last accounts.

The slanderers of Governor Cleveland are beginning to see their mistake. Republicans denounce it.

A Utica factory turns out 3000 sets of false teeth daily.

A prefect in the south of France telegraphed to his chief in Paris: "Every precaution has been taken. Every man is at his post. All we are waiting for is the cholera."

Indianapolis Herald: The seersucker craze will be of few days, but the beersuckers, like Tennyson's brook, will go on forever.

Teemer is looked upon as Hanlan's successor, but it should be remembered that the latter has not yet retired. It is a question whether Hanlan has ever yet rowed his best.

The New York Sun is "convinced" that General Butler will run.

"Whenever you tell a lie, my son," said an old politician, "remember it and stick to it."

Mr. William Warren will go on the stage soon—at the White mountains.

There was an affecting Enoch Arden episode in Brighton, Eng., a short time ago. After eight years' absence the husband appeared before his wife. The meeting was very affecting—to the husband, who was taken to the hospital by the police. His wife had beaten him on the head with a poker.

New Jersey Mirror: A colored child had a fall from a second-story window the other day, and his mother, in relating the accident at the grocery store, said: "Dere dat chile was a comin' down feet fust, wid every chance of being killed, when the Lawd he turned him over, the child struck on his head, and there wasn't so much as a button off."

According to the Indianapolis Sentinel, Governor Cleveland's slanderer, Rev. Mr. Ball of Buffalo, made a record which is well remembered in Owensville, Ind. "Does he, Ball, not remember," asks the writer, "the insult he gave a Christian lady in the town of Owensville, the hem of whose garments he is not worthy to touch? He was offered the choice of humbly apologizing to the lady or a sound thrashing. He selected the former and left town next day." Boston Journal please copy.

Mr. Michael Davitt denies that he is "at war" with Mr. Parnell.

Neal Dow cannot "deliver the goods" to Mr. Blaine this year the way he has done in State elections. St. John is on deck.

A Washington hack driver was fined $20 for careless driving, and his next passenger paid the bill.

The weakness of Mr. Blaine's candidacy is that he is now supported by only a few journals which in nine cases out of ten have heretofore condemned his official acts.

The latest religious statistical authority ("O. Hubner's Geographisch Statistische Tabellen aller Lander des Erde") for 1884 shows that there still remain 900,000,000 of heathens dark to the light of the Gospel, while the Christians of all denominations number only 432,000,000. Of Christians, the Catholics take the lead with 218,000,000, the Protestants come next with 123,000,000, the Greeks number 83,000,000 and others 8,000,000. China, with a population of 371,000,000, is lumped as Buddhist, although it has its sects within sects the same as Christians.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

A Chat About Jay Gould and His Methods of Finance.

How He Unloaded His Union Pacific at Just the Proper Moment for His Own Good.

The Summer's Failures, with the Story of Grant & Ward.

NEW YORK, August 7.—There has been a better feeling in business all over the city and country during the week. For some reason or other the professional bear writers who have helped to drive confidence out of affairs have returned to the bull side. They may have been presented with another line of stocks to open their eyes, but the stock market all over the world seems to be colleagued with interested newspaper money-article jobbing. I find when I am in London that the people at large have no confidence whatever in the average "money article." This is shown by the way the American papers of late have been using fancy writers to appear in the reading columns with a sort of feuilleton on the speculators and Wall street. Jay Gould has been the particular person sought to be ruined for the past year or two by the bears. They had an idea that by demoralizing confidence they would find Gould so enormously extended in his holdings that he would have to let go somewhere, and, like the Irishman at the top of the well with his hands around a windlass and his comrades clinging to his feet, so as to make a string down the well, if he took off his hands anywhere to spit on them down went the whole line.

But Gould seems to be the prize speculator of the globe. Single-handed, with this whole continent mapped out under his eye, with a very small adjunct force, consisting of only one or two brokers and some accountants, he loses here to win heavily yonder. While people are looking at his losses in one place and shouting with joy that he is down, he has broken out in a new place and become the owner of another million. He has stability, too, as is evidenced in his Union Pacific campaign. He began to buy Union Pacific stock somewhere about 1874, when, through the failure of Oakes Ames and the general panic, this stock was down to 15 or 20. Ames' sons had a lot of the stock, and though they were poor they trusted their deceased father so much in his predictions about this road that they managed to keep it. Therefore, when Gould moved the stock up, by the slow approach of better times, the Ames stock moved up, too. Other persons in Boston took up Gould, as a respectable authority, notwithstanding what the New York papers had to say. So, in the course of time, Union Pacific was above par, and it turned out to be a great triumph in Gould's hands. The trouble with other people is that they are always expecting Gould to be looking out for them, when he always is looking out for Gould. The purpose of his campaign was accomplished when he took this stock up to such a high figure. His natural move next was to realize on the stock at high figures. Ingenious explanations are given, about the rascality of the man in accomplishing this, but I hear nobody say that he failed at it. They claim that he staved off the government from getting its just dues in the road, but Gould was not the government, and if Gould beat the government he is entitled to a little praise as a man standing alone. Some of the newspapers argue that a speculator is a great criminal unless he pays judgments which are not exacted from him. I find everybody dodges taxes and judgments who can do so.

In the end Gould got rid of his stock, while keeping up its dividends and staving off payments to government, by bringing in extra bills for mail transportation, etc. This is done all the time by everybody who can do it, bad as it is. Meantime Gould was drawing out of Union Pacific, and he paid off some losses in speculation with this stock. "Ah!" said people looking on, "see how Gould is tightened now. He has had to sacrifice the only valuable thing he had, his Union Pacific." Not long before they were saying that this Union Pacific of Gould was not worth more than twenty cents on the dollar. If they had stuck to the latter proposition, instead of changing it, they would have been right, for Gould knew the inside of the road; that it had a great many judgments, etc., against it, and he delivered his stock into the hands of the good men of Boston, who know everything, especially on morals. It seems that the chief dupe in Boston was Charles Francis Adams, not the man who played bunko. This junior Charles Francis had been filling up the reviews and railway journals for a long time with what he did not know about railroads. Gould, at periods, pays great apparent respect to these gentry and gets them on his side. So Union Pacific, on the advice of Charles Francis Adams, was pushed on Boston. Some of this with others the Ames boys received, who had been holding their father's stock all along, and could have sold it out at any time for about par. They concluded that Mr. Gould was with them, that Mr. Adams was advising them, and they held all that fatal moment when down went the stock, and now it stands about 43, and there are sales in it every day of about 50,000 shares.

Why the Report Was Not Made.

Now the papers are howling because a certain report against the Union Pacific was not made. The explanation is that Mr. C. F. Adams ran to Washington and asked to have the report kept back and the road would behave better, "because," said Mr. Adams, "I have advised everybody to buy this stock." Why should Mr. Edmunds let his report be delayed? He could have given it to any enterprising correspondent to be published, or have it conveniently stolen from his desk. That would have been no worse than letting slanders against a fellow-senator and old friend slip out from his chamber. The report did not appear, the Ames boys did not wake up, young Adams did not spring the watchman's rattle, and Boston cries: "Oh, who will whale that Jay Gould!"

A man is to be judged by the game he plays. That is to say, you are not to judge a prize-fighter by his theology, nor a theologian by his ideas on the presidential election. Gould has been standing here like a little black-haired, jet-eyed magician, playing the whole continent on his wand. He does not profess to have any moral to him. He is the only animal in the menagerie which has not a beautiful moral. The moral of him is in the application of it. Yet, at the present moment, I have reason to believe that he is regarded in New York as the back-bone of the finances, the conservative, heroic spirit of the street. Wall street comes to bad places, down falls the Metropolitan Bank, which once had fourteen millions of deposits. Down goes the Marine Bank, with its three or four millions of deposits. The Second National Bank is only rescued at the sacrifice of a gray-haired father, who had worked hard to become a very rich man, and he has put his hand in his pocket and put out $3,000,000 and the stockholders raise the rest and save the bank. If the thing should have gone on a little further there might have been a yawning ruin in the financial centre of New York. Suddenly appears a little man, the hero of a thousand cartoons, indifferent about his dress, working hard as if he had no hope, and lying to no accusations. They see him enter an office, and in a few minutes they see the boys run out like birds from the windows and fly into the Stock Exchange, and then the tickers all over this Union begin to show that some man has confidence. "Thank God for Jay Gould," says some old bank president, wiping the perspiration from his brow. In a half-hearted, ungrateful way the same sigh of relief rolls through the street. The big gambler has made up his mind to side with the banks and with business and with the country. That is why, at this moment, I fancy Jay Gould to be the great financial power of the country. It is true that his Wabash system has had to yield to the reverses of the times, but with his Missouri Pacific he scoops the bears in as if he had a great iron spoon to do it with, and from Texas he gets the honest money. What he has made out of Union Pacific is holding the street firm. The aspect of that little chap, unfriended, bred in no college, ever assailed, stepping, as he has often done, to the relief of real things, is like a little cloud in the sky, which suddenly turns the other side outwards and is seen, filled with sunshine. He does not pretend to know very much, but he is very glad to be assured that he is an able man, if he thinks it is an honest assurance. Such a notice as I am making of him now, uncalled for, unsuggested, spasmodic, is probably the very sort that brightens his weary way. He has succeeded in keeping his family out of publicity during all these times. They make ingenious descriptions of him, saying that he is not a true speculator, that he has errors of judgment, that he buys up bad properties and transforms them into solvent ones and then gets out of them, etc., but when you have to explain a man's success you have conceded it. As long as you can question the fact of his success he may be dubious.

What Affects Our Finance.

But two things have affected our country during the past year and they have worked together. The first has been too many schemes launched and listed, which had to be reduced to proof before matters could be steady. The next matter was an artificial attack on the market by the bears, who are generally reckless and irresponsible persons, who would cheerfully see this world burn up to have one of their predictions come true, provided they could get a chip and float off somewhere. Among these bears there is no patriotism at all. They are in favor of anything which will depress confidence in prices. Occasionally the bears get scared and advance to support the market from selfish reasons. Gould is both bear and bull, but for several years past, having been an investor and a builder, he has been a bull. While he was getting out of the Union Pacific property, and after he was out he was not trying to stamp the remaining life out of it in pure selfishness. He went at something else, took the earnings out of this property and helped the general market. We are always trying to see some way to make our old and deified government save us from the government of these new monarchs, such as speculation. It does look strange that no steps can be taken to interpose between the products of the people and the reckless assaults of conspirators. You have worked a whole year, perhaps, to plough your wheat field to put in your seed, manure your ground and work the wheat as far as possible in the spring, and then thresh it, and finally you have sent it to market. In the mean time you have fought the weevils, the rats, the mice, the grasshoppers and every sort of thing, but there is one kind of vermin you cannot reach, and that is the speculator. In entire disregard of your labors or general facts, he has made up his mind that your wheat shall not proceed on its way to market, but shall be stopped somewhere by him and kept useless, to compel the rest of the world to assent to certain prices he has arranged. Of course it is at some sacrifice that he keeps the prices up, but finally, when he fails, down falls the price far beneath what should have been normal and average through the year. The distant people say: "We can no longer rely upon American wheat, for it does not come promptly to market." The ships in New York cannot get it to carry. They come home empty and losing money for them, and on other voyages. They put it in whenever they do get wheat to carry and, consequently, an evil spirit is in the grain. It looks as if there ought to be legal power to arrest such matters. We do have statutes at Albany, making it a felony, to deliberately invent lies to depress corporate property; but, if a man like Gould undertakes to apply this law the press at once exclaims that here is a speculator trying to put down the liberty of the press. If you take the large, round figures of one side and Jay Gould on the other and put them in the moral scale—I mean the New York press—I am afraid Gould would pull the balance. His turns are not as rapid as theirs. He will not desert you twice a week or twice a month. You can count on him sometimes for a steady campaign of ten years. But when you look at the individual newspaper, which is moving heaven and earth to break him up and destroy him, you find that its stability is hardly more than a child's. One of the papers here undertook some time ago to show another, and that a very pretentious paper, up, and it got the files for a few years and selected the names of fifty or 100 persons and showed that each of those persons, under the same paper, under the same management, and with the same man's work in the office had been described alternately as pirates and saints, blackguards and perfect gentlemen, preservers of our destinies and disrupters of our fundamental et ceteras. I think it probable that a man like Gould might have been moulded to some large, firm public use with more encouragement. He is one of the great authors of the revival of our business confidence about 1877. You will recollect that after 1873 confidence ran so low that Tilden was probably elected president in 1876. For a little while there was a prospect of a battle over the counting of the vote. The vote was counted for Hayes. If it had been counted for Tilden I have no doubt that Gould's programme would have been the same. He went to work at once to show the people that many of their fears were unreasonable, that the tone of ourselves, of our press, of our pulpits was unreasonably severe, that the air was full of light and the ground full of wheat and the sky full of birds, if we would only see and listen. Jim Keene and, I think, others took hold with Gould, and the prices in the stock list began to move up. Whether it should be so or not, there is the barometer. You cannot sell your railroad share for more than the quotations. You cannot sell your wheat for more than the speculators' quotation. So you have to take the barometer, whatever may be your notions how the weather ought to behave. In a little while everything began to move on cordially. One fellow picked up Gould by the ears and dropped him down an area at the beginning of this happy state of things. In time we had really prosperous conditions, and then of course appeared on the scheme the projector, the schemer, a man with a thousand propositions, to build you a railroad, to put on a new line of steamers, to build a great watering place, to parallel another railroad, to carry oil in pipes from the sources to the sea, to manufacture a universal cure for next morning's headache, etc. Office rents, in lower New York, became so high, under the great number of people thronging here with patents and ranches and mines and railroads, that they started to build the magnificent office structures which are the palaces of New York, and they are still going on. Of course you cannot keep up a spree or even moderate drinking too long. There must be a tapering off, distress, and finally the man seems to be in the very gloom of despair. That is just before he is going to have the next happy turn.

The Failures of the Summer.

This summer we had a series of failures, surprising for their nonsense, magnificent for their nothingness, the tumbles of rain-spouts, the exploding of soap balloons. The Grant & Ward failure was nothing but a little boy, who had come in from the country, singing to himself, "I know something, and I won't tell." In a little while you could see all the grayheads in New York, all the great generals, most of the divines, all the young people who had been left legacies, marching after this fellow as if he were the regular pied piper. He just went along Broadway and turned into Wall street and through Exchange place, and along Broad street and by New street, singing as he went, "I know something, and I won't tell." A man rushed out of a bank and slipped a bond of $100,000 into his pocket and said: "I know you won't tell, but put that away for me." The boy continued singing the tune and an old miser at the top of a house slipped down a telegraph pole and put a check in the boy's pocket for a million and said: "Whatever you know, remember your uncle." The little fellow sang along and a venerable ecclesiastic whispered in his ear: "Here are the whole congregation box of myself and all my sons who fill the various rectorates. Put it away for us." The young

ALL SHAKEN UP

By an Earthquake Throughout the Country.

The Furniture Moves, the Crockery Falls and the People Tremble.

A Prisoner in the Hartford Jail Dies of Fright.

Along in the early hours of Sunday afternoon at the time when the good citizen picks his teeth and meditates as to whether he shall visit West Roxbury Park or the Common or go to church, or stay at home and finish reading the morning papers, and comes to the conclusion that the last is the most sensible plan, residents of Boston and vicinity were given a performance, the like of which has not been this way for more than a dozen years. No handbills were put out to announce its coming, and it therefore passed through the Hub without receiving as much notice as would have been given had the approach been duly heralded by judicious advertising.

To come right down to plain facts, Boston has had an earthquake. Not much of a one, to be sure, not enough to shake down any buildings nor throw anybody out of bed, but what there was of it was the genuine article, and as such should be duly appreciated. Earthquakes are said to be caused by some sort of terrestrial derangement similar to scarlet fever, and they usually occur previous to a breaking out. After the eruption the symptoms generally subside. From the testimony of some dozens of witnesses, it seems that the one which visited us yesterday made itself manifest at 2.07 o'clock exactly by Cambridge time. It was accompanied by swaying chandeliers, rocking tables and furniture, and a rumbling, heavy sound like that of a well laden cart going over frozen ground. This lasted about ten seconds and then ceased. Several persons state that after an interval of half a minute a feeble encore was given that continued for two or three seconds, after which the earthquake of '84 was a thing of the past. Many citizens in different parts of Boston felt the shock, which seems to have been most violent in localities away from the water front.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

Buildings Sway, Windows Rattle, Bells Ring and People Are Much Frightened.

The reports of an earthquake shock in Worcester were at first received with considerable doubt, but finally people who were in their houses in the afternoon recalled that at 2.10 there was a mild shock which rattled the chandeliers and caused a rumbling. The reports were more numerous when the fact of an earthquake was established.

The shock was plainly felt in Lawrence and the adjoining towns. In the houses on Tower and Prospect hills the crockery rattled in closets and upon the tables. The shock was lighter in the lower part of the city. Residents of Andover and Methuen were startled by the jarring of furniture in the houses, but no damages was done so far as reported.

There was a perceptible shock in Lowell. It lasted about a minute. Houses swayed, but no damage was done.

The people of Springfield were considerably frightened. The shock was preceded by a deep rumbling sound and was experienced by almost every one in doors at the time.

At Holyoke the vibration was taken for the motion from the water falling over the dam, although it was thought in some parts of the city to be something unnatural. The shock proved a theme for the widest discussion at the Advent camp ground, where meetings are now in progress. The elders and campers accepted the sign as coming from heaven and indicating the end of the world.

At North Adams the earthquake shock rattled the windows and caused some commotion, but it was really very slight. A decided shock was felt at Pittsfield. People were shaken in their chairs, tables were moved, crockery rattled and loose things fell. At Lee people rushed about in wonderment, gas globes were broken and mantel ornaments fell to the floor. At Stockbridge the citizens say the sound was like a deep explosion.

Framingham was affected by the shock. Many buildings were shaken, and in some instances the concussion was felt for over a minute. The shocks were accompanied by low rumbling sounds, something like the roar of distant artillery.

A slight quaking was perceptible in Leominster on Houghton hill, but more particularly on North Main and Green streets, where the houses were considerably shaken. In Hadley's tenement block and at the house of G. M. Kendall, the commotion continued several minutes. The alarm created was sufficient to send people out of doors.

At Clinton there was heard about the centre of the town a low rumbling, which was attributed to thunder.

Marlboro and Ayer report that no disturbance was felt there other than what was supposed to be thunder. On Pleasant street the jar was such as to occasion the swinging of open doors and caused dishes to rattle. The sensation was not accompanied by any rumbling sound.

Salem and vicinity were shaken. The shock seemed to come from east to west, and lasted apparently fifteen or twenty seconds. One man was lying in a hammock in Peabody suspened east and west, and the motion was so visible that he asked who was swinging the hammock. In Ward 3 in Salem door-bells were rung, and pictures hanging on the walls shaken.

In Lynn the shock was noticed by residents on Brimblecom street and in the vicinity of Chatham street. The women in one house sought safety out of doors.

ELSEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Towns Alarmed in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire.

Two severe shocks were felt in New Haven, the first about five seconds in duration and the latter much more severe. Pictures rattled on the walls, mirrors vibrated and the citizens were much frightened. No serious damage was done. In Bradford, Conn., the water in a small brook on the Rose farm was thrown up into the air a distance. The people of Bridgeport and vicinity were startled by a rumbling sound, accompanied by a shaking of buildings. At first it was thought that a terrible explosion at the cartridge factory had occurred, and people rushed out of doors. In some places dishes were thrown from the shelves and broken. At Curtis' drug store a number of large bottles were thrown from the shelves. At Stamford, Conn., clocks were shaken from chimneys, and in one house a man, who was lying on a lounge, was thrown violently to the floor. On the Housatonic river a curious phenomenon occurred. Just as the rumbling began a wave started from either shore, and meeting in the centre of the river rolled over and over. In Danbury the shock was severe. In Hawley's drug store bottles were thrown from shelves and broken. Along the line of the Housatonic railroad, as far north as Falls Village, the shock was very perceptibly felt. In Norwalk, Westport, Fairfield and many other towns the shock was similar. At Stepney a chimney was thrown down. A violent shock was felt at Stamford, and for a time great excitement prevailed. People rushed from their houses, and some of the more superstitious feared that the end of the world had come. In Norwalk the shock was also felt. Several distinct shocks were felt at Norwich. At first people believed they were caused by some local disturbance. Residents in the Wauregan Hotel were much frightened. It was also felt at police headquarters. At New Canaan, Conn., the ground was perceptibly shaken. Great alarm was caused among the people. Crockery was thrown from the shelves and windows rattled. New London was visited by a slight shock. It passed from northeast to southwest, and many buildings were badly jarred and their occupants terribly frightened. Plastering fell from the ceilings of many houses, and many pantries suffered. A slight shock was felt at Meriden. A portion of the city about an eighth of a mile in width, extending diagonally from the southwest to the northeast was affected. Lamps were overturned, and light movable things in general were upset. A man who was sitting on his piazza reading was almost thrown upon his side. The heaviest quaking within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of Hartford occurred there. There were two shocks felt, a rolling undulating motion of the earth from the southwest to the northeast was followed by a heavy rumbling sound, and many of the largest buildings were shaken to their foundations. In various private residences door bells were rung, hanging pictures thrown from the walls and crockery broken. The inhabitants were pretty generally frightened and in some cases ran out into the streets to find out the cause of the commotion.

At Waterbury, New Britain and the adjoining towns the shock was felt, but aside from the breaking of windows and other slight damage there was nothing.

The earthquake struck Providence. Houses were shaken, door bells were rung, people were awakened from Saturday afternoon naps by their beds trembling under them, and many were greatly alarmed. One gentleman who lives in a brick dwelling heard his door bells ring and saw his statuary sway on their pedestals. In the vicinity of the Conant mills in Pawtucket people were startled by a heavy shock and rumbling sound, with the houses shaking and the timbers creaking. They rushed out to ascertain the cause, but were unable to solve the mystery. No shock was felt in Newport.

The earthquake shock was distinctly felt in Manchester, N.H., between 2 and 2.30.

Advices from Augusta, Lewiston and Rockland say that no shock was felt in that part of Maine.

Two slight shocks were felt in Burlington, Vt. Many did not notice the rumbling; others observed a slight motion. Still others report that buildings rocked perceptibly and that cuspidores moved to and fro on the floor. Each movement lasted but two or three seconds.

WAS IT A METEOR.

Theory of Professor Newton of Yale College, Regarding Similar Phenomena.

The reports of a remarkable phenomenon which appeared yesterday in a section of country extending from Manchester, N. H., to Harrisburg, Penn., and which was popularly supposed to be an earthquake, recalls a similar occurrence when took place in southern and western Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut, in the early part of March, 1883. The description of the phenomenon as published in the newspapers of that section, and notably in the New Haven Palladium, at that time, are identical with those given of the present occurrence. Professor H. A. Newton of the Yale Observatory made a careful examination of the circumstances and appearances attending the supposed earthquake at that time, and the result, as published in the Palladium, shows the professor's utter disbelief in the theory of an earthquake and asserts that the sounds and sensations heard and experienced were produced by the passage of a large meteor in close proximity to the earth's surface.

Professor Dana's Opinion.

NEW HAVEN, August 10.—Professor Dana, professor of geology and mineralogy at Yale, says that the meagre reports so far received preclude any detailed views on the subject. He thought, however from the course of the shock along the coast from Pennsylvania, through New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, that it had followed its natural channel, and that this chain of mountains included the Palisades, East and West Rocks at New Haven, and their branches, extending up toward Mount Tom, the Green mountains and others, all of volcanic formation. There were weak spots in the earth's surface, and being subjected to some unusual strain or jar by the inner workings of the earth a slight rolling or wave-like motion followed this previously formed volcanic rock until its force was spent. The mountainous chain, he said, has been so stable that people considered themselves free from disturbances. They were, however, liable to be affected at any time, though he did not think there was any cause for alarm. The disturbance did not cause any volcanic eruption or gaseous generation.

In New York City.

NEW YORK, August 10,—A few minutes past 2 o'clock this afternoon the city was visited by a shock of earthquake, which lasted for fully fifteen seconds. In many parts of the city the shock created great excitement, and in the tenement districts people ran from their houses terror-stricken. In the hotels and high flats there was also great excitement, and many of the inmates, believing the buildings were about to fall, ran into the street. In several up-town bar-rooms glassware was shaken from shelves and broken. In the Italian colony, in Mott and Crosby streets, the inmates ran from the houses and congregated in groups in the street. The police central building on Mulberry street was shaken from foundation to roof, and several persons left the building through fear. The shock was very perceptible on the Brooklyn bridge. All concurred in the statement that the shock was preceded by a low rumbling noise. In the district inhabited by the lowest class of Polish Jews, bounded by Division street, Orchard, Hester and Essex streets, the residents of the tenement houses rushed into the street panic-stricken and set up a terrible cry, and it was some time before they could be persuaded to return to their homes.

To West and South.

In Brooklyn the earthquake was felt very generally. Along the river front and in the eastern district the shock appears to have been heavier and longer. People on Green Point started on a run for the oil works which line the shore of Newtown creek, thinking an explosion had occurred, while the firemen at once harnessed their horses in readiness to respond to any alarm of fire. No shock was perceptible at Saratoga and there was no discussion of the earthquake until bulletins were posted announcing it. No shock was felt in Rochester. Professor Swift of Warner Observatory had detected nothing strange. A shock was felt at Albany which lasted seven seconds. There were two distinct motions which shook the houses throughout the city. Dishes were thrown together on tables and blinds were closed. The course of the shock was apparently from east to west. A shock that was almost imperceptible was felt at 2.30 at Black Rock and East Buffalo. It attracted little attention and no damage was done.

At Bordentown, N. J., a low rumbling sound was heard, almost immediately followed by a quaking of the earth. Buildings were badly shaken and several chimneys thrown down. People rushed frantically into the street. They ran in all directions, apparently too much bewildered to know where to turn. Despatches from several cities and towns throughout the State give accounts of the same phenomenon. At Ocean Grove a shock passed shortly before 2.30. The general direction was from northwest to southeast. There was no very marked motion, but a series of jars following each other like the sounding of a gong, the greatest commotion being felt in Asbury Park, where small articles were thrown out of place. The rumbling noise was distinct above the roar of the surf formerly one minute.

At Wilmington, Del., the shock was distinctly felt about 2.05 p. m. It lasted about ten seconds. Many persons rushed into the streets and people were much shook up.

The city of Philadelphia was visited at 2.10. The shock was preceded by a low rumbling noise, resembling thunder. There were two distinct shocks, continuing about five seconds each. No damage was done in the city, but several chimneys toppled over. In York a slight shock was felt. It rattled crockery and banged doors. In certain parts of Harrisburg, Penn., there was considerable commotion over a trembling of the ground, which shook the buildings and terrified the people. The course of the agitation was from east to west across the city; thence following the river. Two shocks were felt at Reading. Pianos and furniture were disturbed.

An earthquake shock, passing from east to west, was felt in Baltimore at 2.10. On Washington street crockery was jammed, crockery broken and chandeliers in several houses were knocked from the ceilings. In many parts of the city, however, especially west of the Falls, the shock was slight.

The motion was felt by people in Washington, but those who noticed it say it lasted but a second and seemed like a slight tremor of the earth.

Advices from Chicago say that no terrestrial disturbances are reported as having been noticed in the Western States west of Toledo, O.

Scared to Death in the Hartford Jail.

HARTFORD, August 10.—At the county jail terror prevailed after the earthquake shock, and for some time it was feared the panic-stricken prisoners would try and burst the doors open. A man named Doyle became perfectly crazy and raved like a maniac, and when he found he could not escape he retreated to the corner of the room and shivered with terror and hid himself beneath the covering of his bed. After a while his moans ceased, and when they found him he was dead from fright. At the State prison at Wethersfield it is learned the same confusion prevailed, and the available force of officials was mustered to prevent an outbreak.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

A Noble Deed Performed by Ensign Reynolds of the Relief Party.

"No, sir, all the heroes did not go on the Greeley expedition," said Boatswain James Nash of the United States receiving ship Wabash, "although they were brave men, all of them; and the people cannot give them any too much praise. I saw one of the officers of the Bear; who went on the relief expedition, do as noble an act as any told in history. I refer to Ensign Lovell K. Reynolds, who was on the United States ship Constellation with me in a cruise we made in the winter of '79."

"The ship was cruising off Madeari Islands when about daylight one morning they sighted a bark flying distress signals. There was a high wind blowing at the time and the sea was very rough. The commander of the Constellation had a boat lowered and manned at once and sent it away under charge of Ensign Reynolds, instructing him to find out what the trouble was and return and report. The boat proved to be the Austrian bark Olive. She had lost her rudder and was leaking badly. When the boat came back to the ship and the commander learned that the crew wanted to be taken off and abandon the bark, Ensign Reynolds was sent with a crew to perform the duty. He did not return until nightfall. When the boat had been taken on board the captain of the bark said there were two boys who refused to get on the Olive. In spite of the captain's remonstrances Mr. Reynolds went around among the men, and, selecting such as he wanted, pulled away in the darkness to rescue the boys. In the meanwhile the wind had increased in fury, and it was beginning to storm. On arriving in the vicinity of the doomed bark they found her lying in the trough of the sea and rocking so badly that no boat could live anywhere near her. The two boys, frightened by the storm, were crying piteously for help, and no one could get to them. It was a dilemma with but one way to get out. Some one must jump overboard, swim to the ship and try to get on board. Ensign Reynolds attempted it, and disappeared in the darkness. Fifteen or twenty minutes, that seemed as many hours, elapsed, and then they heard him call from the deck of the bark. Tying a line around one boy at a time, he lowered them into the water and saw them picked up in safety. When this had been performed he went below, and, getting some kindlings, set fire to the abandoned vessel, and then, jumping into the sea and regaining his boat, went back to the Constellation by the light of the burning bark. It was late when they arrived on board, and the storm had increased to a tempest."

Sacrificed His Life for His Brother.

RICHMOND, Me., August 10.—As the tug S. J. Macy was towing a schooner opposite Iceboro yesterday afternoon four men in a row boat attempted to board the schooner. The boat was overturned and Lyman Small, aged about 21, was drowned. The body has not yet been recovered. A younger brother of Small was with him and he insisted upon his brother being saved first and thus sacrificed his own life.

NEW ENGLAND CROPS.

Favorable Reports from Nearly All Quarters.

The Yield of Hay Everywhere Light, but of Excellent Quality.

An Enormous Supply of Potatoes and Other Garden Vegetables.

"It rains very easily nowadays," remarked a facetious Boston man as one of the recent heavy showers came pouring down.

"It rains pretty hard just now," was the cynical reply. "It is raining all the time, I believe. The crops will all be ruined."

"You said the same thing last year when we had a scarcity of rain."

"Well, didn't I predict correctly? Wasn't the hay all burnt up, and what was gathered wasn't it coarse and rank? Now, this year it isn't half grown, and there won't be a third of a crop. See if I don't tell the truth."

"What do you predict of the potato crop?"

"Rotten, all rotten. Won't be worth a cent. We won't have half a crop. Shouldn't wonder if we had to send abroad for potatoes before the winter is over."

"How about corn and fruit?"

"Corn isn't half grown—doesn't ear out. How can it without any sun? Apples haven't set, and those that are half grown are blown off."

"Have a famine, do you think?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if we did. I tell you the crops can't stand such weather as we have had."

"Well," said the other, "I have just received a large batch of letters, from various points in New England, in reply to queries in relation to the crops. I haven't read them yet. Come into my office and we will look them through."

"Let us look first at the reports from Maine. Belfast reports a light hay crop, a large apple crop and potatoes abundant. The potato bugs are said to be fewer than usual. Rockland anticipates a very large potato crop and the best crop of cabbages seen for years. The apple crop will be very large, but the hay crop is only about two-thirds of the average. Portland will harvest a large potato crop and all garden vegetables are looking well. Very few potato beetles. Calais reports an excellent potato crop, with hay backward. Grain is promising and beans and other vegetables looking remarkably well."

"Well, that all sounds well. What does Bangor say?"

"They seem to be pessimists at Bangor. Potatoes, they say, are small, few and poor; the apple crop is very light, and there is only two-thirds of the usual crop of hay?"

"Didn't I ten you so?" Don't he say potatoes are small and poor, just as I said?

"Yes, but what do all these others say?"

"Oh! well, they are all Maniacs and don't know what they are talking about. Now that Bangor man has some sense in what he says."

"Well, let us look at New Hampshire. Keene reports a light hay crop, with grain looking well and potatoes plenty. Apples, they say, are looking well, and there will be a good crop. Woodsville has had a light hay crop, with corn strong and large. Bank than went into voluntary dissolution. Potato bugs are reported scarce. At Dover potatoes are said to be above the average with few bugs.

Garden Vegetables are Looking Well,

and promise a good crop. Claremont has harvested a two-thirds crop of hay. Oats are heavy. Concord reports a two-thirds crop of hay, but of unusually excellent quality. Corn is looking well, and potatoes show a good crop, with few bugs.

"How's that now? That doesn't look like famine."

"Cranks, all cranks. Don't know what they are talking about.

"Here are some reports from Vermont. Montpelier shows a light hay crop of about two-thirds the average yield; potatoes fair, but corn poorer than usual."

"There you have it now."

"Well, but St. Johnsbury says the crops are looking finely. Hay, on the average, the potato crop large, with few bugs, and the wheat and apple crop large. Burlington reports the crops above the average. The hay crop is but about two-thirds the average, but is of better quality than usual; corn needs sun, but there is a fine yield of potatoes, with a scarcity of bugs; grain is looking finely."

"Well, well, go on."

"Well, let's go on and look at the Massachusetts reports. Essex county reports a good onion crop, with potatoes good and hay fair. Franklin has a light hay crop. Early apples are plentiful, but fears are expressed that the heavy rains will cause the potatoes to rot."

"There, what did I tell you? Now that man understands things as they are."

"Springfield says that despite the late frosts there is good prospect of an abundant harvest. Vegetables are improved by the heavy rains. The fruit crop is unusually heavy and tobacco promises well. Haverhill says the crops are looking well. The hay crop is light but potatoes are abundant and vegetables never looked better. Fruit is abundant. Attleboro reports the hay crop light, but cereals looking better than last year; vegetables are of a better quality than usual, and

Berries and Apples are Abundant.

Pittsfield says hay is light, but potatoes are plenty, with few bugs. East Pepperell reports a backward season, but the crops looking well; corn, rye and oats are good; potatoes abundant and apples plenty. Athol says the hay crop is about two-thirds the average, with a small fruit crop and berries light."

"Now, there you have it. Fruit, you see, is light."

"New Bedford reports the crops late, but good with the hay crop large."

"Oh! bosh! How can the hay crop be large at New Bedford and small everywhere else?"

"That's easy enough. That was done to make the average good."

"Well, what do the Rhode Islanders say?"

"Newport farmers say that the corn and grain crop will be the poorest in years, and that the potatoes are rotting so badly that they will harvest only about one-fourth the expected crop. Grass, they say, will be unusually good."

"Now, that man talks well, all except about the grass. He is mistaken there. Now, how do you account for all these exaggerated reports from all these places, when Bangor and Newport tell the truth so plainly."

"I think I can understand it. It is probable that those two places have been especially singled from the rest of New England for a visitation of Providence."

"Improvidence, you mean."

"Pawtucket reports corn doing well, and a good crop of potatoes, with few bugs; the hay crop is light, that of market produce good, and the apple crop large. Woonsocket says the crops are up to the average; corn is uneven and hay short, but potatoes and apples abundant."

"Now here are two or three reports from Connecticut. Fairfield shows a two-thirds hay crop; a good grain crop; potatoes abundant, and the apple crop rather light but excellent, New London reports the largest potatoe crop ever known; fruit abundant and hay light; potato bugs scarce."

"Well, now, what do you think of all this? Is there any prospect of a famine, think you, or any great loss? Why, I tell you there is a bare harvest. The hay crop, to be sure, is light. Nearly all the places heard from agree that the crop is two-thirds of the average. But the quality is said to be excellent. Last year the hay crop was large, but it was coarse and stocky, and the rowen was good for nothing. This season, the aftermath, owing to the late heavy rains, is rich and heavy and will keep the cattle late, so that the farmers need not commence to feed out their hay until the cold weather actually sets in. Last year the farmers were at this time already feeding out their hay. It is the apple year, and you see the reports of that crop were never more encouraging. The crop of garden vegetables, which is the most important perhaps in New England, is excellent, and the potato crop is especially heavy. The rains do not appear to have retarded their growth, while they have kept the bugs in subjection without the aid of the farmers' boys. Upon the whole, the reports are extremely encouraging, and anyone heard croaking should at once be banished to Bangor or Newport."

RED SNOW IN THE ROCKIES.

A Phenomenon Thought to Go Toward Explaining the Crimson Sunset Puzzle.

[Denver Republican.]

The following is from the Denver Daily Reporter of yesterday. It appears at first to present facts which illustrate and confirm the theory that the red sunsets were caused by meteoric dust: The red sunsets of some time ago have at last been solved. Our reporter returned this morning from a flying trip to Gunnison county. While there he found the snow on the tops of the ranges as red as if it had been sprinkled with red pepper. Being supplied with chemicals and a blow-pipe outfit, he was enabled to make a test and found it to be meteoric iron. It could not have been a wash from the mountain, as it was on the top of the range, as well as lower down and only on the surface of the snow. Upon digging down a few inches the snow was clean and white. The sun shining through this cloud of red oxide of iron caused its rays to appear red, giving the same effect as a piece of red glass. This dust fell over the entire earth, but was invisible except where caught by the perpetual snow on the mountain tops.

Last night a reporter of the Republican called at the residence of Professor P. H. Van Diest and handed him the above article to read. Professor Van Diest said he did not think the theory advanced a correct one. "It could not have been meteoric iron," said the professor, "because iron would, by its specific gravity, have sunk beneath the surface of the snow and, in addition to this, the color would not have been red, as it is described to have been, but it would have been more like ochre. I imagine that the red substance found upon the snow was the pollen of some flower which had been carried from a distance by the winds. This has been noticed before, travellers in the arctic regions having spoken of seeing similar appearances upon the snow. Examinations have shown it to be vegetable and not mineral."

CLOSED DOORS.

Suspension of the Wall Street National Bank—Over $250,000 of the Bank's Money Supposed to Have Gone with the Cashier.

NEW YORK, August 11.—Wall street had a small earthquake on its own account today, when the announcement was made that the Wall Street Bank had burst. The bank was not open at all today. The following notice was posted on the doors: "Owing to irregularities on the part of the cashier this bank will remain closed until matters can be investigated." This announcement was not signed.

A few minutes after the failure became known crowds of brokers, clerks and office boys flocked to the Mills building and read the above notice, and then coming down the stairs leading to the offices of the bank, stood on the sidewalk discussing the failure. A man who claimed to be a depositor broke excitedly into a group of brokers and exclaimed, "for heaven's sake what is the trouble? Is my money gone."

One of the brokers said: "I don't know what's the trouble, except that Dickinson, the cashier, is said to have gone to join Eno and Hinckley in Canada.

Representatives of the press were not admitted to the bank, and there was such confusion inside among the officers, that they were unable to say when an official statement of the bank's condition would be made public.

Thomas W. Evans, the president, said to the president of a national bank that the depositors would all be paid in full, but that the probability was that the stockholders would lose everything. No authoritative statement could be obtained as to the exact nature of the irregularities. One report said the cashier had allowed securites that had been hypotheated for loans to accumulate until they were practically worthless, another statement of the difficulty was that J. P. Dickinson, the cashier, had helped himself liberally to the funds of the bank, and had left worthless securities as collateral. Dickinson is the son-in-law of Charles Simpson, vice-president of the bank.

Mr. Timpson said: "I can't tell you anything about the trouble, until matters are straightened out."

A bank official is responsible for the statement that the total loss is $250,000. President Evans is quoted as saying that all depositors would probably receive about 50 per cent. of their deposits before the end of the week. The capital of the bank is $500,000. Every dollar of it will be swept away.

The bank arranged to have its clearances made through the Fourth National Bank. Mr. Baldwin, president of the Fourth National, had several interviews with the Wall Street Bank officials before the arrangements for its clearances could be effected. Dickinson is said to have skipped on Friday last, although it is said he was seen driving on Saturday.

The Bank's Past Record.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 11.—The comptroller of the currency is informed that the Wall Street Bank of New York, a State institution, formerly the Wall Street National Bank of New York, has closed its doors. While the bank was in the national system in the autumn of 1883, evidence of the overcertification of checks was discovered, and suits commenced against some of the officers of the bank. The bank then went into voluntary dissolution under the national bank act, and reorganized under the New York State laws.

THE AUGUST CROP REPORT.

The Cotton Average Rising—Fine Prospects in Corn and Potatoes.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—The August returns to the department of agriculture show the condition of cotton improved in Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. The improvement is especially manifest in Mississippi and Louisiana. In North Carolina and Georgia the average status is unchanged. In South Carolina, Florida and Alabama excessive rains have caused weedy growth and the shedding of forms and has prevented cultivation. In Texas, drought has caused a loss of one point and raised serious apprehensions for the crop. The average of condition has advanced from 86 in July to a little above 87. So far this is favorable, as in six years of the past ten the August report has shown a decline from the record of the preceding month, the exceptions being 1876, 1880 and 1882. The condition of corn averages the same as in the July report, and is higher than in any August since 1880. It has been exceeded in the last five years, 1875, 1879 and 1880, when it was 99 in each case. There has also been an improvement in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, New Jersey and the Pacific coast. A slight decline in the condition is reported in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and in some of the Southern States. Drought has prevailed in portions of the Ohio valley and Texas with considerable severity, reducing the condition of corn six points. The report for wheat shows an average of 98, one point higher than in the two last good spring wheat years, and higher than in any year since 1877. The average for oats is 94, one point lower than in 1883. The condition of rye is 97, the same as last month. Tobacco promises a large crop. The prospect is favorable for another large crop of potatoes, but not so full as that of last year.

DEATH OF A MILLIONNAIRE.

Portland's Principal Business Man Passes Away After a Long Illness.

PORTLAND, August 8.—Hon. Samuel E. Spring, Portland's best-known business man, died this afternoon after a lingering sickness, aged 72. Mr. Spring was from early life a man of great enterprise and determination. He was not content with the ordinary opportunities for doing business, but constantly opened new lines for himself. He visited South America and was engaged in business there on a very extensive scale, owning vast herds of cattle. Returning home, he engaged first and last in almost every department of trade, and even at one time projected a newspaper, but concluded to let that scheme slide. An ardent Republican, he was not without political ambition, and has been a member of both the House and Senate. In 1866 he made an effort to secure the Republican nomination for governor, and would have been the candidate if General J. L. Chamberlain had not been brought forward. Since that time he has not been very prominently before the public, but his influence has been a great factor in politics more than once. He was at one time a great friend of Hon. T. B. Reed, but has been rather an anti-Reed man of late years. Mr. Spring was a very liberal man. He was good to the poor and to young men who were struggling to build up a business. He is said to have never refused to help any one who seemed to deserve help, and was on almost every official bond. He lost quite large sums recently, and was a creditor of Shaw & Brother to a large amount. It is supposed that he has left about $1,000,000.

Yankee Notions.

A six-months-old Northampton pup eats baked beans.

Bears killed thirty sheep and lambs on farms in Crystal Plantation, Me., last week.

A Hallowell, Me., man shows a will dated 1650, executed by Love Brewster and witnessed by Miles Standish.

Believing horses to be scarce in Winnipeg, a Carleton county, Me., man, with his wife and child, has started to drive the 2000 miles.

A 95-pound man will push a 280-pounder around the New Haven green in a wheelbarrow if Blaine is elected, but if Cleveland is chosen will do the riding himself.

An inmate of a Hartford Lunatic Asylum swears he was placed there because, after stealing and carrying away a saw-mill, he was idiot enough to go back after the dam and its contents.

A woman in Pelham, Mass., whose family cat ran away, leaving two young kittens without any means of support, fitted up bottles filled with milk so that the young felines could draw it quite a natural way. After several weeks, the mother came back, but her kittens reared their backs as they turned from their bottles to look upon her, each hair of their tails bristled up, and they spit at her in a contemptuous manner and would have nothing to do with their unmotherly mother.

A queer little old man walked unannounced into the kitchen of a house on Hastings hill, Suffield, Conn., the other morning, and, pulling a chair alongside the stove, put his feet into the oven. Turning after a moment to the housewife, who stood speechless with fright, he coolly said: "I am Jesus Christ, and my feet are wet." The poor woman ran out of the house screaming for help. When she returned with a neighbor, whom she had summoned, the profane crank had stolen away.

Grasshoppers are doing sad work along the Connecticut river just now. In Massachusetts, Franklin and Hampshire counties are the greatest sufferers. Pasture, mowing and oat fields and gardens have been stripped nearly bare, and stock in some instances have been driven into Vermont and New Hampshire, but more generally into barns, for the purpose of feeding. The country butchers report the buying trade crowded with half fattened beeves as one of the consequences. Connecticut farmers are cutting what little grass can be found along the highways.

A Rockport, Me., woman drove the family horse to Searsport one day six years ago, where it was taken sick and left in the care of a man in that town. Shortly a bill was sent to the driver's husband, the owner of the horse, charging him $6 for medicine, and, as that did not cure, $2 in addition for burying him. Only a day or two ago the Rockporter saw the old mare in Belfast, and her funeral expenses he had paid half a dozen years before, in a stable on Appleton ridge, standing bravely up to his oats. The present owner is innocent and the horse's travels are being traced back.

CHOLERA GROWING WORSE.

Belief That it Will Last Until October.

Alarming Increase of the Disease in Southern France.

A Firm Hold Secured in Italy—Millions of Microbes.

[Special Cable to New York Times.]

LONDON, August 9.—At midnight yesterday another despatch was sent me by Dr. Bossano of Marseilles. It is as follows:

"There was a marked increase in cholera today, and this is the more noteworthy because of Thursday's decrease. Fear now prevails that Marseilles has not seen the worst of the plague. On Friday six patients were admitted to the Pharo Hospital. All were critical cases. There are now fifty cases in the hospital. Statistics up to date show that 221 patients have been admitted to the Pharo from the beginning of the epidemic, of whom 208 have recovered. The five nurses who have been ill are getting rapidly well. On Friday the Lyons doctors continued their former experiments. They injected into one of the patients 300 grammes of a solution composed of 5 grammes of chlorydine of sodium and 15 centigrammes of carbonate of sodium, dissolved in 1000 grammes of water. The success of this experiment can hardly be determined, as the patient subjected to the treatment was already in the last stage of the disease. The increased mortality is ascribed to the hasty return of the emigrants, coupled with the unfavorable heat. Dr. Murdy of Vienna today visited the Pharo. The report printed in many of the London journals that cholera existed in Marseilles last year but was concealed has created much excitement. The statement is utterly false. The general aspect in Marseilles is improving. Business is, however, at a standstill. There can be no doubt that the cholera is spreading rapidly through the departments of Herault."

From various other sources I learn that the disease is making rapid progress through Southern France and Northern Italy. In the little village of Gignac, near Montpelier, forty cases of cholera have been found, and there have been numerous deaths. The panic there was so terrible that the fathers and mothers of families fled, leaving their little children uncared for. At Vogue, a village of less than 800 souls, in the Ardeche, over thirty cases, with seven deaths in the twenty-four hours, has occurred. It is believed that at Avignon the epidemic is worse than reported. It is known that four deaths have occurred, and soldiers from Avignon have died in Algiers. An outbreak of cholera in Algiers is feared. Some of the reports of deaths from cholera in the villages near Toulon are particularly heartrending. In some of them more people died of cholera in a day than in Toulon during the same twenty-four hours. In Bordeaux there have been made microscopical examinations of the water drawn from wells and fountains in all the places visited by cholera show the presence of vast colonies of microbes.

The English cholera has broken out seriously in villages near Blackburn. Over 200 are reported sick. Two deaths have occurdd at Clayton-le-Moors, and there have been three deaths near Bolton. There is a great revival of the cholera interest in England in consequence. The London and Paris journals speak in the highest terms of the enterprise of the Times.

Dr. Bossano sends me another despatch today. It is dated at noon and is as follows:

"There was a grave increase of cholera during last night in all the stricken towns, and, as far as heard from, there has been an increase this morning also. Here there have been ten deaths since my midnight despatch was sent you. There are rumors of others in the immediate neighborhood. But the suburbs of Marseilles have not been as fearfully visited as the outskirts of Toulon. The news has just come in that at St. Henri, a village of 2500 people, situated some nine miles north of Marseilles, there were six deaths from cholera yesterday. At Gignac one patient died four hours after the first symptoms, a rapidity in arriving at the fatal end of the disease which is unprecedented. An analysis of the water of the Rhone near Arles is said to have shown microbes by the million. From Algiers the news is worse. A number of additional villages on the frontier, in the department of Var, are said to be suffering from cholera, among them Aurol and Montrousse. At Marseilles for the last seventy-two hours there have been fifty deaths, many of them occurring among the returned emigrants who have been forced to seek their homes through hunger. Want of food seems particularly to make people susceptible to cholera germs in the air and water, owing to the temporary disuse of the organs. The relaxation of precautions because of over-confidence has also been a fatal blunder. It is believed now that the epidemic will rage until October 1. The Mayor has finally refused to permit processions. It looks as if the plague had a firm footing in Italy. Three deaths are reported today from Vignaroili and Pancaheri."

MARSEILLES, August 9.—Eight deaths from cholera have occurred here today.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—The State Department has received a second report from Consul Mason, at Marseilles, embodying some of the most striking facts observed during the first three weeks of the cholera epidemic at that place. Notwithstanding the fact that the city was clean and well administered, cholera was transferred from Toulon to Marseilles within a week after its outbreak in the former city. Although at first pronounced a mild type, the disease spread rapidly, assuming a malignant and fatal form. From June 30 till July 11, 430 cases were officially reported at Marseilles. Of these, 290, or two-thirds, died during the first fortnight, when all sanitary conditions were most favorable. These two facts, the almost immediate transmission of the disease from Toulon to Marseilles and the enormous death rate of 70 per cent. in the early stage of the epidemic, seem to prove that sanitary science and medical skill have made but little substantial progress in dealing with Asiatic cholera.

MARSEILLES, August 11.—There were only three death from cholera here last night.

Appearance of the Cholera in Lancashire.

LONDON, August 9.—The English cholera has appeared in several districts of Lancashire, and is making considerable headway. The number of persons stricken with it exceeds 200, and five deaths have so far occurred. The doctors attribute the outbreak to the excessive heat and the use of improper articles of food.

THE COTTON MARKET.

Duller Than For Years—Mills Curtailing—The Cotton Crop Promising.

"What is the condition of the cotton crop?" was asked a gentleman, largely interested in that commodity, yesterday.

"It is dull, as it always is at this season of the year; but it has not been as dull as it now is for years. The mills have a very small stock, smaller, I believe, than they have had at this season for many years. A good many mills are either shutting down altogether or running on short time; and this naturally has its effect on the market. The crop was never marketed as early as this season, and interior towns were never so bare of cotton."

"Isn't that rather a strong statement?"

"No; for the stock has never before been confined to as few ports as it was early this year, and it is now held principally in New York."

"What prevents an advance in prices, if stock is as low as you say?"

"Nothing but the condition of the goods market. We are told by all the spinners and selling agents that stocks are large and sales small. The mills are making no money, and are curtailing in every way. A mill that closes for a vacation disposes of its stock of cotton to some mill that is running and needs to buy. In other words, the invisible supply of cotton (that is, cotton held by the mills) is this year being used up, and when we may start at the opening of the season, September 1, with a visible supply equal to that of two years ago, the invisible supply will be lower than for years."

"What do you consider the outlook for the growing crop?"

"Very favorable. The crop promises well in the Atlantic and Middle cotton States, and, while some sections of Texas are in need of rain, the prospect of the State is good and the crop will doubtless far exceed that of last year. The present condition of the crop being favorable, we can only say that the future price of cotton depends on the condition of the fall trade for goods and the weather. Starting off as we do with a small visible supply in the world and the invisible stock reduced to the lowest point, the least strengthening tone to the dry goods market or an early frost in the cotton district would have a decided tendency to stimulate prices."

"If business is as dull as you represent, what are dealers and brokers now doing?"

"A very pertinent question. Those fortunate brokers who sell to the family institutions of Boston, having been kept posted in regard to the wants of the mills they furnish, and being aware that little purchasing will be done until the opening of the new season, have gone either to Newport or Mount Desert, for which latter resort, by the way, I set out as soon as I get through with you. The less fortunate dealers and commission merchants, who handle the real article in the city, and who give to Boston what little remaining

LITTLE SHELL-ANNA.

A Touching Incident of the Atlanta Campaign.

How a Union General Became Godfather to a Babe Born in Battle.

Strange Story of a Curious Christening in a "Cracker" Cabin.

[Washington National Tribune.]

It was the summer of 1864 and the army under Sherman had fallen back from its position before Atlanta and swept around to Hood's rear, General Logan leading the advance. I remember that the country was densely wooded, and that magnificent forests of pine, oak and chestnut towered on either side of the road over which we marched. We were not molested until we neared Flint river. There the enemy had planted a masked battery, and as we approached, it enfiladed our line. You could scarce encounter more disagreeable travellers on a lonely road than shot and shell, and the boys were not long in taking to the shelter of the timber. But General Logan at once ordered up a field battery of brass "Napoleons," and presently accepted this challenge to an artillery duel. There was nothing to direct the fire of our gunners save the white puffs of smoke that could be seen rising above the foliage and the course of the enemy's shots, but they nevertheless soon silenced the rebel cannon and once more cleared the way for the column.

We then rode forward again, the writer in company with Dr. Woodward, the medical inspector of General Logan's staff, and until his death, some four years ago, the head of the marine hospital service. Just as we turned a bend in the road we emerged suddenly into a small clearing. A rude log cabin, surrounded by evergreen shrubbery, stood in the clearing, and hanging from one of the bushes we noticed a yellow cloth.

As medical officers, it naturally occurred to us at once that this was an improvised hospital of some sort, and we rode up to inquire. At the door of the cabin, as we approached, an old woman, evidently of the familiar "cracker" type, presented herself, but, on seeing that we were "Yankees," beat a hasty retreat. But we were not disposed to be so easily baffled, and, calling her out again, began to ply her with questions.

She told us "there wa'n't no wounded men thar," and when asked why she had put out a yellow flag there, she replied: "Waal, yer see, my gal is sick, and I reckoned ef I put out that yer hosp'tl rag you'as wouldn't be pesterin' round so much."

"What's the matter with your child?" said I; "we are medical officers, and perhaps we can do something for her."

"Waal, now," she quickly responded, "ef you'as is real doctors, just look in and see what you'as all done with your sheilin'. Time my gal was sickest, two of yourn sheils come clar through my cabin, and, I tell you, it was right skeery for a spell."

We accepted the old woman's invitation and walked in. It was as she said. The cabin, built of rough pine logs, afforded but one room, about twelve feet square. A small log meat-house (empty) was the only out building,—the cow-stable having been

Knocked to Pieces by Our Shells,

except a small bark-thatched "lean-to" at the rear in which we found a loom of the most primitive sort and constructed in the roughest fashion, containing a partially-completed web of coarse-cotton "homespun." Aside from this loom, the only household articles visible were an old skillet, a rather dilapidated bed, two or three chairs without backs, and a queer collection of gourds. The shells had indeed played havoc with the interior. The roof had been badly shattered, and a stray shot had pierced the walls.

It had cut one of the legs entirely in two, and forcing one jagged end into the room so far that it hung threateningly over the bed upon which, to our astonishment, we saw lying a young girl, by whose side was a new-born babe with the prints of the Creator's fingers fresh upon it. It was a strange yet touching spectacle. Here, in this lonely cabin, stripped by lawless stragglers of both armies of food and clothing and shattered by the flying shells of our artillery, in the storm and fury of the battle had been born this sweet innocent. The mother, we learned, was the wife of a Confederate soldier whose blood had stained the "sacred soil" of Virginia only a few months after his marriage and conscription into the service, and the child was fatherless. The babe was still clad only in its own innocence, but the writer with his handy jack-knife cut from the unfinished web in the old loom a piece of coarse homespun, in which it was soon deftly swaddled. Fortunately we had our hospital knapsacks with us, and our orderlies carried a little brandy, with a few medicines and a can of beef extract, and we at once did all that our limited stores permitted to relieve the wants of the young mother and child.

But by this time quite a number of officers and men, attracted by the sight of the yellow flag and our horses waiting at the door, had gathered about the cabin, and, while we were inside, they amused themselves by listening to the old lady's account of this stirring incident. One of the officers had given her some "store terbacker," with which she had filled a cob-pipe, and the fact that she was spitting through her teeth with such accuracy as to hit a fly at ten paces, nine times out of ten, showed that she was enjoying herself after

The True "Cracker" Style.

Presently some one suggested that the baby ought to be christened with full military honors, and it being duly explained to her that to "christen" was all the same as to "baptize," she replied, with alacrity, "O yes! baptized, I reckon, if you'ns got any preacher along."

This was all the boys wanted, and an orderly was at once sent back to the general commanding with the compliments of the surgeon, and a request that a chaplain belonging to one of the regiments in the advance brigade might be allowed to return with the messenger to the cabin.

The general asked the orderly for what purpose a chaplain was wanted, and the orderly replied that the doctors (mentioning our names) were going to have a baptism.

Upon this, General Logan (for he it was) significantly remarked that the names mentioned were in themselves sufficient to satisfy him that some devilry was on hand, but that, nevertheless, the chaplain might go. Then, inviting the colonel, who happened to be riding with him at the time, he set out himself for the scene, spurring "Old John" to a gallop, and soon had joined the party at the cabin.

"General," said the doctor, as the former dismounted, "you are just the man we're after."

"For what?"

"For a godfather," replied the doctor.

"Godfather to what?" demanded the general.

The matter was explained to him, and as the doctor led the way into the house, the boys, who had gathered around the general in the expectation that the event would furnish an occasion for a display of his characteristic humor, noticed there was something in Black Jack's face that they were not wont to see there, and that in his eyes there was

A Certain Humid Tenderness

far different from their usual flashing brightness. He stood for a moment silent, gazing at the unhappy mother and fatherless child, and their pitiful surroundings, and then, turning to those about him, said tersely:

"That looks —— rough."

Then, glancing around at the ruins wrought by our shells, and addressing the men in the cabin, he called out: "I say, boys, can't you straighten this up a little? Fix up that root. There are plenty of 'stakes' around that old stable—and push that log into place, and help the old lady to clear out the litter, and—I don't think it would hurt you any to leave a part of your rations!"

Prompt to heed the suggestion, the boys leaned their muskets against the logs, and, while some of them cut brush, others swept the splinters and pine knots that the shot and shell had strewn over the floor, and not one of them forgot to go to the corner of the cabin and empty his haversack! It made a pile of commissary stores, consisting of meat, coffee, sugar, hard-tack, and chickens (probably foraged from her next-door neighbor), surpassing any that this poor "cracker" woman had probably ever seen or possessed at one time.

This done, the next thing in order was the christening, and the chaplain now came forward to perform his sacred office.

"What are you going to give her for a name?

I Want Suthin' Right Peart.

now," said grandmother. She was told that the name should be satisfactory, and forthwith she brought the baptismal bowl—which on this occasion consisted of a gourd—full of water fresh from the spring.

General Logan now took the baby, wrapped in its swaddling clothes of coarse homespun, and held it while the chaplain went through with the ceremony. The latter was brief and characterized with due solemnity, the spectators behaving with becoming reverence, and thus the battle-born babe was christened "Shell-Anna." I like to think that as the chaplain's prayers were winging their way to heaven the gory goddess who nurses a gorgon at her breast stayed her red hand a while!

The party now formed to leave the cabin and resume the march, when General Logan, taking a gold coin from his pocket, presented it to the old lady as a "christening gift" for his godchild, and the officers and men, as they had recently drawn their pay, added one by one a greenback, until the sum was swelled to an amount greater than this brave-hearted "cracker" had ever handled. The old lady's good-by was: "Waal! them thar Yanks is the leatenist critters I ever seen!"

Ten days or so after this occurrence, the cabin being by that time within the enemy's lines, the general, accompanied by the writer and ten of his escort, rode back eight miles to see how our protege was getting on, and found both mother and child, in the language of grandma, "quite peart." Whether General Logan's god-daughter is still alive or not I do not know, but five years after that visit word reached me that she then was.

THE JUDGE'S STRANGE STORY.

Interviewed by a Dead Man—How Did the Reporter Get the Judgment Without Leaving the House Where He Sat Dead?

[The London Spectator.]

Mr. E. Gurney and Mr. F. W. H. Myers publish a further instalment of the strange stories they are collecting, the most remarkable by far being one related by Sir E. Hornby, late Chief Judge of the Consular Court of China and Japan, and a man not only of undoubted truthfulness, but of strong rough sense. He was accustomed to allow reporters to call at his house for his written judgments:

"They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagine had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1875 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about half past 11. I rang for the butler, gave him the envelope and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before 12. I am a very light sleeper, and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed—a French one—faced the fireplace; on the mantelpiece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, and only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for—waking easily and frequently—I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired to know the hour. I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but thinking it might be the butler—looking in to see if the fire were safe and the gas turned off—I turned over with the view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so, I heard a tap at my bedroom door. Still thinking it might be the butler, who might have something to say, I said, 'Come in.' The door opened, and, to my surprise, in walked Mr. ——. I sat up and said: 'You have mistaken the door; but the butler has the judgment, so go and get it.' Instead of leaving the room he came to the foot edge of the bed. I said: 'Mr. ——, you forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly. This is rather an abuse of my favor.' He looked deadly pale, but was dressed in his usual dress, and was certainly quite sober, and said: 'I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding that you were not in your study I have ventured to come here.' I was losing my temper, but something in the man's manner disinclined me to jump out of bed to eject him by force. So I said simply: 'This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once.' Instead of doing so he put one hand on the footrail, and gently, and as if in pain, sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about 1.20. I said 'The butler has had the judgement since 11.30; go and get it.' He said: 'Pray, forgive me; if you knew all the circumstances you would. Time presses. Pray give me a precis of your judgment and I will take a note in my book of it,' drawing his reporter's book out of his breast-pocket. I said 'I will do nothing of the kind. Go down stairs, find the butler, and don't disturb me—you will wake my wife; otherwise I shall have to put you out.' He slightly moved his hand. I said: 'Who let you in?' He answered: 'No one.' 'Confound it,' I said, 'what the devil do you mean? Are you drunk?' He replied quietly: 'No, and never shall be again; but I pray your lordship give me your decision, for my time is short.' I said: 'You don't seem to care about my time, and this is the last time I shall ever allow a reporter in my house.' He stopped me short, saying: 'This is the last time I shall ever see you anywhere.'

"Well, fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgment in as few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have been two or three minutes. When I finished, he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of 1.30. (Lady Hornby now awoke, thinking she had heard talking; and her husband told her what had happened, and repeated the account when dressing next morning.) I went to the court a little before 10. The usher came into my room to robe me, when he said: 'A sad thing happened last night, sir. Poor —— was found dead in his room.' I said: 'Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?' 'Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at 10 to work at his papers. His wife went up about 12 to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said: "I have only the judge's judgment to get ready and then I have finished." As he did not come she went up again about a quarter to 1 to his room and peeped in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past 1 she again went to him and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer she thought he had fallen asleep, so she went up to arouse him. To her horror he was dead. On the floor was his note-book, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after 2, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour.' I looked at the note-book. There was the usual heading: 'In the Supreme Court, before the chief judge, —— vs. ——. The chief judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect'—and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand."

The reporter, it should be added, neither had nor could have left his house. We confess we do not see how Mr. Myer's theory of thought-transference explains that story at all. The reporter never thought of sitting at the foot of Sir E. Hornby's bed.

PARROTS FOR BOSTON GIRLS.

Three Hundred Voices Shrieking from a One-Horse Truck—A Sacred Monkey.

[New York Sun.]

Porters lifted twenty-nine packing boxes out of the hold of the steamer City of Alexandria when she landed at her wharf on the East river yesterday morning, and slammed them, one after another, on a waiting one-horse truck. Three hundred shrill, ear-splitting screams rent the air as the boxes struck the truck boards, and 500 children of Roosevelt street school dashed bareheaded down to the dock and hung on to the truck in swarms as the horse sauntered up to the door of Donald Burns' Roosevelt street aviary. Mr. Burns knocked the heads off the boxes in the dark cellar beneath the aviary, and in about five minutes 200 full-grown, green-tufted parrots, were flying round the Scotchman's head, and 100 tiny dwarf parrots were backing up the general vocal uproar with screams out of all proportion to the size of the birds. The birds were received from Mexico to fill Boston orders. Two of the arrivals were female was shipped here. They are valuable for breeding experiments, although they have to be kept caged for a year to tame them before they will breed. Bostonians seem to be fond of these parrots and paroquets. They keep sending to New York after them without any apparent let up the year round. There is a big boom in monkeys just now, too, and I have had to send out for a fresh instalment. We've got a sacred Indian monkey now. He has got bushy, silver-gray hair and has been ordered by a showman.

A Colossus of Colossi.

[Baltimore Herald.]

In the course of the excavations at San (Zoan-Tanis) there have been disclosed several portions of a red granite colossal statue of Rameses II., which, when whole, must have been the largest statue known. It appears to have been a standing figure of the usual type, crowned with the crown of Upper Egypt, and supported up the back by a pilaster. Judging from the dimensions of various parts, such as the ear and the instep, and comparing the proportionate size of the cartouenes (which are three feet wide) with those engraved upon other statutes, this colossus must have been ninety-eight feet high from the foot to the crown. Together with its pedestal, which we can scarcely doubt was in one piece with it, it would altogether be about 115 feet high. The great toe measures 18 inches across. That it was a monolith is almost certain, from the fact that all the largest statues are without any joint; nor does this seem incredible, since there are obelisks nearly as long. But this may claim to have been the tallest and heaviest statue that we know of, as the figure alone would weigh 700 tons, to which the accessories would probably add as much again. A total weight of 1200 tons is most likely under rather than over the actual sum. The stone has been cut into building blocks by Sheshank III. and used in the construction of the great Pylon; hence only small pieces of a few tons each are now to be seen.

CREMATORIES TO BE BUILT.

Novel Plans for Incinerating Dead Bodies.

Is the Blazing Furnace Better Than Open Graves and Sealed Catacombs?

How the Remains are Reduced to a Handful of Ashes.

[New York World.]

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.

"We don't say that we can prevent the human form from ripening," said a member of the United States Cremation Company recently, "but we do claim that cremation does away with rotting, the putrefaction, the changing of the body into slimy, green, foul-smelling mold. It is a clean, healthful method of disposing of the dead. Plans have been submitted for a crematory to be built over in Williamsburg, and we have bought and paid for a tract of ground on Mount Olivet avenue. In a short time we hope to begin work on the furnace and then," rubbing his hands at the delightful prospect, "we shall be able to incinerate ten bodies every day."

The company has not yet adopted plans for the building, and the artist has sketched a cheap foreign crematory. Unfortunately it looks somewhat like a blacksmith shop. The establishment of the New York society will be vastly more elaborate, it is claimed. From the outside it will present the appearance of a Gothic chapel. The marble pillars, the stained-glass windows, the winding walks leading through grassy lawns, past murmuring fountains up to the broad steps, the absence of smoke or heat—all these will combine to make the place

As Little Like a Human Furnace

as possible. Inside the building there will be a chapel where appropriate burial services can be read, and in the basement convenient niches will be built for the storing away of urns containing the ashes of the dead. It is claimed that the place will be made so attractive that persons once seeing the process of cremation will long to yield themselves up to the same refining fire. Once let the general public understand the merits of cremation and the cemeteries are doomed, say the advocates of incineration.

That graveyards are hotbeds of disease most physicians agree. A few go further and declare that to bury the dead is a foul, barbarous, heathenish custom. The lowest savages bury their dead, the more civilized barbarians burn them, but the refined nations of Europe and America go back to the savage custom of putting putrefying bodies under ground. "Should the doors of these death dungeons be opened," a prominent physician has said, "and the inmates of the charnel-houses be seen in all the repulsive loathsomeness of protracted putrefaction wherein through long decades of centuries 'the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,' there would be no more advocates of burial. Once let the public see the green, putrefying mold oozing through the rotting boards of a slimy coffin, the fat worms wriggling and burrowing through this mass of foul corruption, and no one could bear to see a friend put underground. Of the great cemeteries about New York there is not one, not even Woodlawn or Greenwood, in the public lots of which three or more bodies are not put in one grave. In the public or poor quarter of Calvary cemetery a far worse state of things obtains. A trench is dug seven feet wide, ten to twelve feet deep and of indefinite length, in which the

Coffins are Stowed Tier Upon Tier,

making a flight of steps five or more deep, and with not enough earth to hide one from the next. And this is our vaunted 'Christian burial' in this new country with its myriads of broad acres! What shall our children say of us when they come perforce from stress of space to build their dwellings upon these beds of pestilence?"

And so this advocate of cremation goes on to show that right in the heart of the city one of the most fashionable districts is built upon decomposing skeletons. The soft green turf of Washington Park hides hundreds of rotting human forms. Dr. John D. Beugless, speaking of this, said: "In 1806 the New York Board of Health advised the removal of all graveyards from within the city limits and recommended that the then existing burial-places be converted into 'ale parks.' To some extent this was done and Washington square, which was then the Potter's field of New York, is one of the fruits of this recommendation. Sanitary science had not then discovered that soil saturated with the emanations of the decomposing dead would continue, for generations following, a plague spot in its neighborhood, but even to this day a dense blue haze several feet deep rests every calm morning over Washington square and a physician who lived several years on its western entrance found it impossible to raise children on the ground-floors of houses in that vicinity. And yet New York's innocents are turned into this ancient Potter's field by hundreds every day."

On the other hand it is claimed that incineration is not only hygienically proper, but is a cheap and beautiful method of putting away dead friends. The burning advocates never tire of telling of the roseate glow of the furnace,

The Sunset Blush of Death.

No flame whatever touches the flesh or bones, there is no odor and the body is not burned but incinerated.

The remains are brought into the chapel of the the crematory and placed on a catafalque that is in reality an elevator. After the services the body sinks slowly out of sight as it is lowered to the mouth of the furnace, which has been heated to a white heat. "Then," says an eye-witness, "as the door of the retort is opened the inrushing air cools it from white to red heat and the whole interior is filled with a beautiful rosy light that is fascinating to the eye. The body, decently clad as for burial, is laid in a crib, which is covered with a clean white sheet, soaked in alum. The crib is then put into the retort. The sheet retains its original position and conceals the form until nothing but the bones are left, and these gently crumble into dust as under the mystic touch of an invisible agent. The process might be called the spiritualization or the unrealization of the body. There is nothing repulsive or painful about it. There is nothing which need shock the most refined tastes nor offend the most delicate sensibilities."

The burning scene is said to be really fascinating and the society expects to receive large accessions to its numbers as soon as the crematory is put in operation. This process is accompanied by no sighs, sound or smell, and, but for transporting the dead bodies, a furnace could be erected in Madison square without offence.

After an hour in this "bath of rosy light" the turning of a lever deposits the ashes in a receptacle beneath the furnace. The remains are clean, pearly ashes, almost transparent in their purity. The average weight is about six pounds. The ashes can be put in a terra-cotta urn or a marble urn, and placed in a niche in the columbarium, or delivered to friends, as they may desire. The general adoption of incineration would not do away with cemeteries. On the contrary they could be beautifully adorned with columbaria houses for the storing of urns, and turned into parks. These vaults could be built in every style of architecture and beautified by succeeding generations, one family using the same columbarium for centuries. Or, say the advocates of cremation,

If the Desire to Bury Still Exists,

friends may take these pearly ashes and set them in the walks about the mortuary chapel and plant violets, heartsease and forget-me-nots in them from year to year.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

The economy of this method of disposing of the dead is especially recommended. The cheapest funeral costs nearly $100. The cost of cremation need not exceed $15. To this may be added, if desired, $5 for an urn, $10 for a niche in the columbarium, where the urn may be kept, and $10 for an inscribed tablet to be placed in the wall below the niche commemorative of the dead. The cheapest burial in a cemetery is nearly three times this expense.

As a Biblical recognition of cremation its advocates point to I. Samuel, xxxi., 12, 13, where "the men took the body of Saul and his sons and burned them there."

The United States Cremation Society now numbers nearly two hundred members. They come from every station in life. Brokers, physicians, merchants, ministers and politicians have paid at least $25 for one share of stock. This ensures their cremation if they so desire and if their friends do not object. Miss Kate Field is among the subscribers, as is Professor H. H. Boyesen of Columbia College. Professor Felix Adler and his brother, R. U. Johnson of the Century, Keppler & Schwartzmann of Puck and Gustav & Frederick Loser, the Brooklyn dry goods men, are prominent members.

Only a Fly Bite.

[New York Telegram.]

"If you don't think a fly bite amounts to anything," said Dr. R. F. Chabert to a Telegram reporter today, as he led the way up stairs in St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, "just let me show you a case under treatment." Opening the door of the room and politely showing the reporter in, the doctor commenced his tour of inspection among his patients. At length, coming upon a man with his arm in a sling, who immediately commenced undoing the bandages, the doctor said: "Now, this is the case I wish to call your attention to. It was first brought to my notice a little over two weeks ago, when the man came here with an arm three times its natural size, very much inflamed and painful in the extreme." By this time the man had his bandages off and displayed his arm, which from the wrist to the shoulder was an inflamed mass, and swollen to twice its natural size. Where the arm had been lanced, three and four inches in length, the flesh had parted leaving raw flesh apparent. "The mode of treatment," continued the doctor, "has been frequent incisions. I have made ten of them, as you see. He is now getting along finely, and will be entirely well in a couple of weeks more, although it looked once as if the poor fellow would lose his arm. This is the second case I have had of fly poisoning." To the inquiries of the reporter the patient, who gave his name as Adolph Ritter of 233 First street, said: "It is three weeks ago last Saturday since the fly bit me. My arm commenced swelling immediately the fly had bitten it, until it was all out of proportion and was very painful."

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

Historical Warnings to Famous People Not To Die Without a Good Thing Ready for Posterity.

[Buffalo Express.]

A distinguished man should be as particular about his last words as he is about his last breath. He should write them out on a slip of paper and take the judgment of his friends on them. He should never leave such a thing to the last hour of his life, and trust to an intellectual spurt at the last moment to enable him to say something smart with his latest gasp and launch into eternity with grandeur. No, a man is apt to be too much fagged and exhausted, both in body and mind, at such a time, to be reliable; and may be the very thing he wants to say he cannot think of to save him; and besides, there are his weeping friends bothering around; and, worse than all, as likely as not he may have to deliver his last gasp when he is not expecting to. A man cannot always expect to think of a natty thing to say under such circumstances, and so it is pure egotistic ostentation to put it off. There is hardly a case on record where a man came to his last moment unprepared and said a good thing—hardly a case where a man trusted to that last moment and did not make a solemn botch of it and go out of the world feeling absurd.

Now there was Daniel Webster. Nobody could tell him anything. He was not afraid. He could do something neat when the time came. And how did it turn out? Why, his will had to be fixed over; and then all his relations came; and first one thing and then another interfered, till at last he only had a chance to say, "I still live," and up he went. Of course he didn't still live, because he died—and so he might as well have kept his last words to himself as to have gone and made such a failure of it as that. A week before that, fifteen minutes of calm reflection would have enabled that man to conrive some last words that would have been a credit to himself and a comfort to his family for generations to come.

And there was John Quincy Adams. Relying on his splendid abilities and his coolness in emergencies, he trusted to a happy hit at the last moment to carry him through, and what was the result? Death smote him in the House of Representatives, and he observed casually, "This is the last of earth." The last of ear.h. Why the "last of earth" when there was so much more left? What he meant to say was, "Adam was the first, and Adams is the last of earth," but he put it off a trifle too long, and so he had to go with that unmeaning observation on his lips.

And then we have Napoleon. Tete d' armee. That doesn't mean anything. Perfectly irrelevant—perfectly flat—utterly pointless. But if he had closed one eye significantly, and said, "The subscriber has made it lively for the French army," and the nthrown a little of the comic into his last gasp, it would have been a thing to remember with satisfaction all the rest of his life. Let not this lesson be lost upon our public men. Let them take a healthy moment for preparation and contrive some last words that shall be neat and to the point.

PEPPERMINT ADVANCING.

One of the Results of the Alarm About the Cholera Epidemic in Europe.

[New York Sun.]

"Peppermint has undoubtedly gone up in price," said a wholesale dealer in that commodity. "It is worth from 40 to 50 cents more a pound than it was a month ago, which is undoubtedly due to the belief that it will be needed in Europe on account of cholera. The old crop is nearly exhausted, and is almost all in the hands of four or five persons, and the new will not reach us till about the first of September.

"Peppermint is grown in low, marshy districts, chiefly in the western part of this State and in Michigan. Wayne county, N. Y., is the centre where the distilling is chiefly done. The entire crop is, perhaps, 30,000 pounds, worth $3 a pound. An acre will grow from eight to fifteen pounds. There are no large farms entirely devoted to this product, but it is cultivated in small quantities by many farmers. It is used both as a medicine and as flavoring in confections ery. When used for the former purpose it is diluted with alcohol and water, and is then known as essence of peppermint. It is sometimes adulterated with castor oil and oil of turpentine, but its most common adulterant is oil of pennyroyal, which is now worth only $1 50 a pound. Peppermint will stand 25 per cent. of this, but even in using only 10 per cent. there is a decided profit to the dishonest mixer. You cannot deceive the maker of confectionery. He must have his oil pure and gets it so. Adulteration in this form is easy of detection. In an unmixed condition the oil is not dangerous, but is very powerful."

A TRIPLE BOND.

Finger-Nails, Character and Handwriting Closely Linked.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Since the new science of reading character by the handwriting has come in, it is even said that the care taken of the nails affects the handwriting. The long, almond-shaped nail is a great support to the middle finger, which guides the pen. One can hardly imagine a person with short, stubby finger-nails, which are covered with skin, writing the long, graceful English hand which so delights the recipient of the note from a grande dame. It is said that poets and people with imagination are apt to have long taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. They have a handwriting in which the long up-strokes and down-strokes cut into the lines above and beneath them. The heads of their capital letters are large. The handwriting shows ardor and impulse. When it has a markedly downward movement this handwriting shows a tendency to melancholy. An aptitude for criticism is shown amongst people who bite their nails. They are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter. They write a small, cramped and illegible hand. However, there may be good-natured criticis, men with versatility of comprehension. They would have small but well-shaped nails, and their handwriting would be somewhat angular, showing originality and finesse. The nails of a musician are, of course, to be observed, although the piano sometimes injures them. The great musicians have a sloping handwriting. There is, however, an eccentricity peculiar to the handwriting of executive musicians, as witnessed in that of Beethoven. The finger-nails of mathematicians are apt to be square, and not beautiful. The handwriting of such persons shows a quiet movement of the pen. The lines are straight with the paper, the up-strokes and the down-strokes are short, while the capitals are small and angular. Diplomacy has a long, supple hand, and a long, beautifully kept, slender finger-nail. But the handwriting of a diplomatist is not apt to be clear; it always looks like a snake gliding away. There are no clear, gigantic capitals like John Hancock's, none of the fine curves suggestive of generosity and expansion; all is compressed and impenetrable. Certain inflexible natures express themselves both by finger-nails and by the handwriting—both are blunt and determined. The Chinese have such long finger-nails that one might almost write with the ends of them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not break, shows that they have more lime in their bones than we of a different race. At one time, when good Queen Anne bit her finger-nails, it was the fashion for all the English aristocracy to bite theirs; and in those days the English finger-nail was not what it is now. Fashion exerts a potent influence on man, savage or civilized. The Botecudes of Brazil and the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte's island insert a wooden or ivory plug under the lip of their women, causing a hideous deformity that resembles a shelf overhanging the chin. The fashionable women of today wear a bustle which is almost as deforming.

Moral Philosophy.

[Merchant Traveller.]

"Come heah, Gawge Washin'ton. Whaffur yo' gwine steal dem chickens?" screamed an old colored woman to her boy, who was slipping around the house with something under his coat.

"I nebbah stole no chickens. Who tole yo' I done it?" replied the boy, facing around and twisting his coat well toward his back.

"Nobody done tole me. Cain't I see dem yaller laigs hanging down behind yo' clos?"

"Yes'um, yo kin, but I nebbah stole um."

"Come heah. I'se talkin to yo' now, and I wants to know how yo' got um ef yo' didn't steal um?"

"W'y, mammy, I buyed um, sho's yo' live."

"Go 'way, chile. Doan lie to yo' mammy. Dem chickens 'longs to Ma's Jones; I seed um in his coop yistiddy."

"Dey's mine; I buyed um frum Ma's Jones hisself."

"Wha'd yo' git de money?"

"W'y, mammy I tuck hit outen his drawah wen he wuzn't lookin."

"Yo' ain't lyin' now, is yo' Gawge Washin'ton."

"No, I ain't, mammy, sho."

"Well, Gawge Washin'ton, I'se powahful glad yo' didn't steal dem chickens. I'se been mighty keerful to fotch yo' up right, an' when I seed dem yaller laigs, I wuz sho' yo' wuz furgettin' my teachin' an' wuz follerin' in de footsteps of yo' po' ole foddah."

BELL-BOYS.

Some of the Funny Incidents of Life in a Hotel.

Who Give Tips and Who Do Not—Ladies Not so Liberal as Men.

Theatrical People Called the "Jonahs" of the Trade.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Front," cries the hotel clerk, who, with gleaming diamonds and hair accurately parted in the middle, stands behind the office desk, "No. 445!" and the agile boy whose turn it is skips off to the fifth floor to answer the bell. Maybe the guest wants a pitcher of water, or an extra pair of blankets, or a mosquito-bar, or writing materials, or one of the many other things which people who frequent hotels always demand, much to the trouble and annoyance of the bell-boys.

Bell-boys are peculiarly an American institution. As a class they are polite and accommodating, anxious to do all they can to make the guest of the house comfortable, and expecting to be paid for it. They are both sharp and quick-witted, and what a bell-boy who has served an apprenticeship cannot tell about a man from his appearance is not worth knowing. They meet all sorts of people, and are close students of human nature. Every man who enters a hotel office is viewed with a speculation as to how much he is worth and to what extent he will pay for attention, and each one usually pans out as he is "sized up." A smart boy sees a good many things that he ought not, and he turns everything that is possible to his own advantage. Many a stray dollar is picked up in various ways about the halls of a large hotel.

"What do you make a month?" asked the reporter of an intelligent colored boy who is employed in one of the large Cincinnati hotels.

"That depends, sir, on what we pick up. Our regular pay is $18 a month, but we always make extras. Some times they amount to twice as much as our wages, and some times to only $3 or $4 per week. It varies at different times of the year, as travel does, and depends largely on the class of people we meet. We don't care so we make enough outside to pay for our washing and give us spending money for the time we are off watch. You see, the house boards us and gives us a place to sleep."

"What hours do you work?"

"Well, sir, the boys are divided into two sets. One day we have a short watch, and the next a long one—that is, one set of boys go on at 6 in the morning and stay until noon, when they give way to the other set until 6 in the evening, going on watch again at that time and staying until midnight. After that the porters run the bells. The set of boys who have two watches one day have but one the next, and so on. Each set has a captain, who is generally the oldest boy in the house, and who is in a measure responsible for the good behavior of his men. In some hotels the captain hires and discharges his men, but it is not so here."

"How much extra did you say you made?"

"Well, sir, one week I raked in over $15, but that was the best week I ever had. I struck two poker games and met some mighty good people."

"What do you mean by striking a poker game?"

"Oh, sometimes a party of gentlemen want to play a little game for pastime and the boy who is called upon to fix the room for them usually answers that bell at every ring during the sitting. He goes for all the cigars and liquors, and for the night's work he sometimes gets as much as $5, and maybe more, if some liberal fellow makes a big winning."

"Whom do you consider good people?"

"They can scarcely be classified. I guess travelling men, as a rule, are the most liberal. You see they run what they give us into their expense accounts, and then they like attention. But any man who is used to good living and attentive service is always willing to pay for it."

"Do professional, I mean theatrical, people tip the bell-boys?"

"I should say not. They are what we call 'Jonahs,' and we seldom, if ever, get a cent from them. A successful star will pay well, however, but the member of a company are no good. I remember answering an actress' bell eighteen times in one day, and she never gave me a cent, and she had given me errands to do that took me from the attic to the cellar."

"Are ladies as liberal as men?"

"Not by a good deal. They seem to take all attention as a matter of course, and the idea of paying for it never enters their minds. A lady from the country was here the other day who was a little bit green. When I went up to her room she said she wanted a candle. I lighted the gas for her, and she was scared half to death. She had never before seen anything like it, and did not know what to make of it. I tried to explain it to her, and showed her how to light it and turn it off, but she was not satisfied, and I had to get her a candle. I ran several errands for her, and finally she asked if I did all such things for nothing. I told her that I was paid by the hotel people, but that the guests often made me presents.

"They do, do they? Well, I must give you some money, then," she said, as she started for her large purse that lay upon the bed. She fumbled about for some time and finally handed me two cents. I thanked her, and skipped down stairs to tell the boys. Some fellows would have given me $1 if I had done as much running for them."

"Do you meet many such people?"

"A greener comes in every once in a while. A dandy from some little town in Kentucky was here the other day. About 9 o'clock in the evening one of the boys was called to his room, and upon going in was greeted with: 'If we've been waiting here three hours, and am nearly starved to death. Ain' that clerk ever coming up to call me to supper?' I have seen others who, upon coming to the dining-room, were afraid to go in, and would return to their rooms, and either go without their meals or have them sent up to them. Such a large dining-room and so many people frighten them.

"But the gas and the elevator are what worry the inexperienced people, and especially the latter. Not long ago I started up the elevator with a lady, who as soon as she got in said: 'This room is pretty close; can't you raise a window?' I didn't say anything, and she continued: 'Is this room going to run up and down all night? If it is I can't sleep in it.' She was much surprised when I let her out at the third floor. A fellow a little bit boozy got on the elevator one night, and, thinking it was his room, began to undress, and got nearly all his clothes off before the boy could stop him."

"I suppose you meet a good many drunken people?"

"Yes; but the boys dislike to have anything to do with them, for if we take them and put them to bed, and treat them the best we know how, and in the morning they find that they have lost anything during their carousal, they always charge the boy with having stolen it, and we are hauled up before the proprietor. Of course they can not prove their charges, but it is extremely unpleasant for the boys."

"What about wine parties in the house?"

"Some of the boys could tell a good deal about that if they would. Ladies and gentlemen often have high times here, and I have seen elegant ladies in rather a boozy condition, but of course I would not tell names, even if I remembered them. I remember one party of four from Dayton who got so noisy and drank until a late hour that they disturbed other guests, and the clerk in the office refused to let them have more wine. They were somewhat conscious of their condition, and would not let the boy in the room to pour out the wine, preferring to do it themselves."

"I suppose you sometimes are set to work on very delicate matters?"

"Yes, I have often watched rooms to see if any body went in or out. If a smart boy catches a fellow prowling around in search of a room in which he should have no business, or notices anything irregular, he will try to work the man, and if he produces the boy will say nothing about it, although I have known cases where the boy has got money from the guest and then report him to the office, and he has been fired out with bag and baggage. Oh, I tell you there are lots of tricks in a bell boy's trade, and a clever one can make a good living at it."

How He Caught the Fish.

[Carpet Trade and Review.]

A well-known New York carpet dealer went down the bay fishing the other day, but luck was bad, and when evening arrived his basket was still entirely empty. To make the thing more aggravating a withered old chap whose sailboat was close by had been hauling up fish after fish apparently with the greatest ease. Our friend did not like to go home with nothing at all to show for his day's sport (?) and yet to purchase from the luckier angler a basketful of fish and palm them off as his own catch was an expedient not consistent with the high standard of morality prevailing in the carpet trade. But after some cogitation a way was found for getting out of this difficulty. Approaching within a few feet of the fisherman the carpet-man made a bargain with him for a basketful, but with the understanding that each fish bought must be thrown to him and he would endeavor to catch it. As he explained, his conscience would not permit him to take home and exhibit fish he had not caught. He managed, however, to catch every one, and went home to enjoy a well-deserved ovation from an admiring household.

How a Woman Puts on Her Shoes.

[Marysville Spectator.]

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way very carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out the wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are!" looks at them again square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and then inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to

BARBARA'S RIVAL;

OR,

Only a Woman's Heart.

A Story of Love and Trial in City and Country.

By ERNEST A. YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF "FLURRY BROOK FARM," THE "DONALD DYKE" SERIES, THE "LUKE LEIGHTON" SERIES, ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

"Going today, Arthur?"

"Yes, little Barbara. The train for Boston leaves in an hour, so you must say good-by now."

"I wish you were not obliged to go. It will seem so—so lonely."

The low, sweet tones contained a plaintive little quaver this time. But Arthur Clifton, handsome and debonair as a young prince, only laughed in his careless, cheerful way.

"Why, you speak as though I were going to California instead of to a city only sixty miles distant," he exclaimed.

Then seeing a bright tear glisten upon the girl's cheek, he bent and kissed it away, gently adding:

"I shall come back again one of these days—come back after the little wild flower which I shall claim for my own. Then we shall never have to leave each other while we both live. Only a little while, Barbara."

His cheerfulness, his earnest assurance, and the bright hope for the future which they imparted, lifted for a moment the gloom of parting. The shadow upon Barbara's fair face was chased away by her brightest smile.

"I suppose you think I'm very silly, Arthur," she said, her earnest brown eyes meeting his laughing blue ones.

"No, no. Indeed, I'm glad you do feel a little like crying because I'm about to leave you. It is a way all true women have of showing real regret. But for me, the future seems too full of joy to admit of even momentary gloom."

A brief silence fell between them. The gentle September breeze murmured through the trees, whose great arms formed an arch over their heads.

Then the distant whistle of a locomotive came to their ears, terminating the pleasant reflections to which they had given their minds.

"The train is coming, and I must go," Arthur exclaimed.

He took both Barbara's hands in his own; he bent and kissed her lips.

"You will write to me?" she questioned.

"Yes, often."

"And you will return as soon as your uncle's affairs are settled?"

"Yes—perhaps sooner, and, in the meanwhile, you will prepare your bridal trousseau, little Barbara; for the holidays will soon be here and then——"

She reached up and placed one small hand upon his lips.

"See that you are as punctual as the holidays," she cried, blushing, laughing, and half crying. And the next moment she stood alone, gazing through her tears after the straight, agile figure as it disappeared beyond the low swaying branches that overhung the path.

For several minutes she stood there, listening to the roar of the approaching express. Another hoarse, short whistle announced its nearer approach. Then the sounds ceased—but only for an instant. The train started away from the village station and its noisy passage was resumed. Arthur Clifton had gone, and Barbara Grey became suddenly oppressed by a sense of loneliness such as she had never experienced before.

In vain did she strive to entertain the brighter hopes which were hers. A nameless foreboding banished anticipation. Arthur had gone to the great city. He would be accustomed with its brisk life, its brilliant society, its constant whirl of business and gay activity. How could he be lonely or downcast amid such surroundings?

Barbara turned and slowly walked toward the cottage that nestled among the maples and elms. In that picturesque spot she had dwelt during the nineteen years of her life. Yet it was not like a home to this orphan girl. Granny Perkins and her cripped husband had been more like parents to her. They were harsh, exacting, uncultured in speech and tastes. They were selfish and ungrateful, too, for the cottage and the cultivated acres surrounding it belonged to Barbara, and they lived upon her bounty.

Toward this cottage she slowly bent her steps. As she did so, a shadow fell across her path and a gruff voice rudely broke in upon her reflections.

"So he's gone at last, Bab?" the voice said familiarly.

She recoiled with a little cry of alarm.

"You, Herman Bradly?" she exclaimed in startled surprise.

The young man laughed loudly. He was a stalwart fellow of splendid physical development, yet so slouching in gait and attitude that one could not admire his height or breadth.

"Afeard of me, be you?" he asked, peering down at her from under the broad brim of his palmleaf hat.

He had stepped directly into her path, and stood with both hands sunk deep in his pockets. His head was bent slightly forward; his blue denim trousers were tucked in his boot-tops; his air was one of insolent familiarity.

"I'm not afraid, Herman. But I didn't know any one was near until you spoke," Barbara replied in her sweet, quiet tones.

The fellow shifted his feet awkwardly.

"Clifton's gone to Boston, has he?" he queried, curiously.

"Yes, I suppose he has," she answered.

"And you've been out here abidding of him good-by?"

"How do know that I have, Herman? You would not stoop to playing eavesdropper, I hope."

A flush, painfully vivid, dyed the fair cheeks of the girl as she said this.

The young man shifted his feet again and laughed in his rude fashion.

"I guessed that was what you was out here for," he said, evasively. Then, with a trace of eagerness in his tones:

"I ain't sorry he's gone, for my part."

"Why do you dislike Arthur Clifton, Herman?"

"He's too high-toned to suit me, for one thing. And he thinks nobody else has any rights but him when he's 'round."

"I am sure he treated you civilly. But you were very rude toward him."

"Rude, was I?"

Bradly spoke angrily. Then, hastily modifying his tones, he added:

"I s'pose a feller that works on a farm and wears cheap clo'es, and can't talk Latin and Hebrew seems rude to such as Arthur Clifton. But he didn't have to plant and dig potatoes when he oughter been going to school. I did. But you used to think I was all right before he come here to rusticate through the summer and put on city airs."

Barbara stepped to the side of the speaker and laid one hand gently upon his arm.

"Don't speak in that way, Herman!" she exclaimed.

"Why shouldn't I? It's true, and you know it."

"Have I given you cause to think me any the less your friend?"

"I don't know; may be he's to blame for your not taking so much notice of me as common. He's kept so close to your heels that you haven't had a chance, I s'pose."

"Stop, Herman! You shall not talk to me like that. Mr. Clifton is a gentleman, and my friend."

"How do you know what he is, Barbary? I guess maybe I could tell you something 'bout him that you don't mistrust. Them city chaps have a high time in the country, making every good looking girl think they're in love with 'em. But I thought you was sharp enough to see through his game. Has he been making love to you?"

Barbara drew back; one hand was flung outward impetuously; her fair cheeks flushed with indignation.

"You have no right to ask me that, Herman Bradly!" she cried.

The young man stared at her a moment in dumb surprise. Then he lifted one large, strong hand and pushed the palm-leaf hat back from his forehead.

"I hain't no right, eh!" he echoed, speaking with earnest deliberateness. Then, as she made no response, he went on:

"Didn't I promise to stick by you if ever you needed a friend? And didn't you say that I might be a brother to you, if nothin' more? That was only a year ago; and here you be, flarin' up like I had been trying to abuse you. You think I'm jealous of that Clifton. Well, p'rhaps I be. But I wouldn't come in betwixt you and an honest chap, I've sworn to stick by you as a friend, though, and I'm going to do it, even if you hate me for it."

The young man was deeply in earnest. This was evidenced by his speech, his attitude, the expression of his bronzed countenance.

All this impressed the girl before him; she repented her hasty rebuke. In a moment she was at his side again.

"Forgive me, Herman; I believe you do intend to be my friend," she said.

"You wa'n't to blame for flaring up a bit, Barbary. I didn't speak jist as I oughter. But I was riled, you see. I set too much by you to stand by and let a villain win your love, just for his own amusement. I've watched that Clifton mighty close. If he had proved to be a white chap I wouldn't have interfered. But he didn't. He's a mean, double-hearted cuss, and here's the proof on't!"

Barbara had vainly striven to interrupt the vehement speech of her companion.

He had, while speaking, deliberately produced a soiled and crumpled envelope. He thrust it toward her with a triumphant air.

"What is that?" she faintly asked, a sense of strange, dreadful oppression coming over her.

"It's a letter to Arthur Clifton from his city lady love. That's what it is, Barbary!"

She shrank back as though a serpent had sprung from the hand of the man.

"No, no—I must not read his letters—I have no right!" she uttered.

"If you haven't a right, who has? I read the letter because I suspected that he was fooling you. Read it, for you won't take my word for the truth, 'less you see the proof!"

Mechanically, Barbara Grey accepted the letter. She glanced at the superscription; it was written in a graceful lady's hand. The stationery had been of the daintiest and most costly kind. Now it was soiled by Herman Bradly's grimy fingers.

With a sense of nameless dread she drew the letter from its envelope, and scanned the beautifully-written page.

Her cheeks grew suddenly deathly pale; a low, sobbing cry broke from her lips; her form swayed with overpowering weakness.

Only the strong arms of Herman Bradly prevented her sinking helplessly to the earth.

CHAPTER II.

BARBARA'S RIVAL.

"Well, old fellow, I had about given up all hope of ever seeing you again."

The speaker was a young man of 22. He was dressed in the height of fashion; diamonds blazed upon his fingers and scarf; his dandyish figure and attire were of the most pronounced type.

Arthur Clifton, upon alighting from a railway car in one of the great depots of Boston, was first accosted by the person we have described, and in the words we have quoted. Just a shadow of annoyance crossed his handsome face. But the other was too obtuse to notice it. In truth, Lionel Pendleton was incapable of realizing that any one in the world could feel aught but pleasure in the honor of his acquaintance.

"How are you, Lionel?" Clifton returned, rather coldly accepting the slender white hand which had been lazily proffered.

"Health was never better, Clif. Am growing quite robust, in fact," and Pendleton twirled the points of his small mustache by way of calling attention to the flabby fulness of his face.

As the twain reached the street and mingled with the hurrying throng Clifton said:

"I didn't return to the city because I was tired of the country by any means. Nothing but that confounded muddle that my uncle's estate has gotten into could have forced me to end my vacation this month. Since Uncle Geoffrey has become so paralytic the whole burden of his business interests falls on my shoulders."

Pendleton laughed in his soft, effeminate way.

"You are an object worthy of compassion, I declare, Clifton, with such a burden. A million of property of which you're sure to be the heir must seem like a calamity to a fellow of your tastes—ha, ha!"

Clifton's brow clouded. That he was not wholly free from perplexity was evident.

"You have no idea how I have enjoyed the past season with its immunity from business cares and society exactions," he returned in a half-amusing tone.

Pendleton cast a curious glance at the countenance of his companion. But he was not sufficiently astute to read its expressions.

"Really, you must have found some remarkably pleasant locality for your summer sojourn, to have become so infatuated with it. By the way, I saw Geraldine Lyle yesterday. And she said that she had not seen you at either of the summer resorts of which she has made the rounds. To tell the truth, she seemed a little put out about it. But as she still wears your ring, I suppose it's all right. You can't really be blamed for making the most of your last months of your bachelor freedom. Miss Lyle's a magnificent creature, though. If I wasn't so well fixed myself, old fellow, I should be just green with envy, I declare. Might try to cut you out, you know—ha, ha!"

The shadow upon Arthur Clifton's brow deepened into a frown. He sent a quick, angry glance into the face of his companion.

But the latter did not see it. Nor did he suspect that Arthur's careless jest was smiting him to the earth. Yet such was the case.

Clifton was nettled by the words of Pendleton, more because they brought to mind a dreadful reality of his own situation than for any other reason. Unconsciously, the "dudish" young man was applying terrible reproaches. And an awakened conscience kept them up with painful persistence.

The memory of gentle little Barbara's parting kiss was fresh in the young man's mind. Her sweet, earnest, trusting face rose up before his mental vision with such reproachful vividness that he actually paused in his walk, with a half-repressed ejaculation. The voice of his companion brought him to his senses.

"What is the matter, Clif? I declare, you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

Clifton forced a laugh, but his cheeks lost none of their ashen pallor.

"It was nothing—only a sharp pain, which now and then takes me by surprise and makes me act like a fool!" he explained, placing his hand upon his heart.

"Glad it's nothing serious, my boy. Thought maybe you had been getting impressed by some rosy-cheeked rustic maiden. Ha! ha! Now and then one sees quite a little beauty in calico, don't they?"

Arthur scarcely repressed an oath. A sudden sense of overwhelming dismay came over him. Did Lionel Pendleton read the truth? Or had some rumor reached his city acquaintances? He bent a penetrating glance upon the effeminate face of his companion. But he saw nothing there to verify his fears.

But his own cheeks tingled with shame. More powerfully than ever he realized that he had blundered into a pathway beset with thorns and pitfalls, and that until they were cleared away he could hope for no peace of mind.

"I must see Geraldine tonight, and tell her the truth," he mentally resolved. And he set his lips with a determination to act an honorable course, whatever the consequences.

But he was destined to encounter more than one obstacle which it would be hard for his weak human nature to surmount.

At this moment they reached the elegant residence of Geoffrey Clifton.

"See you again and hear about your summer's sojourn," Pendleton declared, as they parted at the entrance.

In another moment Arthur found himself in the great, quiet library of his uncle. The apartment was pervaded by an air of comfort rather than elegance. Mr. Clifton occupied a reclining-chair near the open window. He was an elderly man, and his face showed lines of physical suffering and recent mental anxieties. His forehead was furrowed by vertical lines; his smooth-shaven lips were drawn with impatience and fretfulness. These characteristics were due partly to protracted disease, and partly to a natural disposition worked upon by misfortune.

"So you've come, at last!" he exclaimed, in a harsh, impatient tone.

Arthur advanced, and took one of the withered hands between both his own.

"I came as soon as I received your letter, uncle," he declared, in a voice of conciliatory kindness.

But the old man only scowled over his spectacles.

"If I hadn't sent for you I suppose you never would have come, eh?" he retorted.

"I should have remained away until the first of October. Then I should have surely returned."

"And how do you suppose my affairs would have prospered while you were loafing away your time? They're in a terrible snarl already, and you're to blame for it."

"I'm very sorry, uncle. It is not too late for me to repair them, I hope?"

"You talk! You talk as though a man's fortunes were like a leaky sailboat—only requiring tar and rosin to make them good as new. I tell you we're in a tight spot. I say we, because you know what is mine now will be yours one of these days, whether it be a legacy of debts and failures, or something better."

The face of the young man paled.

"—didn't dream—it was so serious," he faltered.

"Of course you didn't. A man isn't apt to dream of his misfortunes. Likely enough, though, you have been dreaming away your summer days, perhaps with some pretty little rustic. I don't know what else could keep you there in that heaven-forsaken locality."

Once more was Arthur Clifton unconsciously taunted with a fact. It seemed to him that an accusing angel was following him. And each accusation rendered it the more difficult to acknowledge the truth. Yet acknowledge it he must to Geoffrey Clifton and Geraldine Lyle at least.

"You are too severe, uncle. I came at your bidding, and confess my neglect. What more can you require? And I am now ready to do all in my power to straighten out your difficulties," said Arthur with slight hesitation.

"Mighty little can you do, except in one way. My fortune will be swept by the board in a week unless—"

The old man hesitated, his withered features working with strong emotion.

"Unless what, uncle?"

"We must get somebody to help us out. Somebody with money, you understand."

"To what extent?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, at least."

The old man's voice quivered; he lifted one withered hand with an excited gesture.

"That is a large sum," Arthur returned, huskily. He began to realize that his uncle had not exaggerated his misfortune. And to Arthur Clifton financial ruin seemed like a calamity, indeed.

"Of course it's a large sum," Geoffrey Clifton burst forth. "Who will lend you an indorsement for so much?" the young man asked, hesitatingly.

"Who? Nobody to save me from ruin. I haven't no friends, and never had any. But you can get the money, and you must."

"I—?"

"Yes, you."

"How? I do not understand."

"That's because you're slow witted, Arthur. Who would lend or give or pledge $50,000 for you except Horace Lyle? His daughter is your betrothed wife. She loves you—at least as well as a society belle is capable of—and Lyle wouldn't have her suffer disappointment or be made a laughing-stock of for half a million. So of course he'll help us out for your sake."

Slowly, but with crushing force, the full significance of the situation dawned upon the brain of Arthur Clifton. The reputed wealth of his uncle was now but an empty bubble which must soon burst. If only credit could be obtained for the sum named by the old man the Clifton fortune and the Clifton honor might be preserved. But from only one source could they hope for assistance, and that depended upon his connection with the Lyles and their interests. This connection he had resolved, only a short time before, to sever.

The young man was in a terrible dilemma. To break his engagement with Geraldine Lyle meant ruin to his aged uncle and poverty for himself. Yet little Barbara Gray, in her gentle, confiding love, expected him to return and make her his bride. And he loved Barbara—yes, he loved, and must not disappoint her. It would break her gentle, trusting heart to do that.

Arthur was on the point of confessing the truth; he raised his eyes to his uncle's face. But the expression of that face caused him to change his purpose.

"Not yet," he reasoned with himself. "I will first see Geraldine and tell her all. And then—"

He could lay his plans no further just yet. But his impatience to see Geraldine and get this disagreeable duty off his mind increased.

In half an hour he terminated the interview with his uncle, and an hour later, while yet it was early in the evening, he hastened to the Lyle residence.

"Miss Geraldine is somewhat indisposed," said the footman, as he ushered him in. "But she will be glad to see you, I know."

The servant disappeared, and, breathless, impatient, the young man awaited his return.

He had not long to wait. The man conducted him to a small private sitting-room, announced his name and departed.

The apartment possessed a cosy yet luxurious elegance. It was pervaded by a soft, pleasant perfume, and there was a human presence that thrilled the visitor and caused him to stand silent, irresolute, trembling with emotion.

Geraldine Lyle rose and came toward him. Her beautiful face was pale, wan, almost pitiful.

"Arthur, dearest, I have waited so impatiently, so longingly!" she said, in low, tremulous tones. This was her greeting. And Arthur Clifton had come there to break his troth, to repel the love which he had won.

CHAPTER III.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

Barbara Grey resisted, by a powerful effort, the sense of faintness which assailed her. She released herself from the arms of her companion and confronted him with pallid cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Where did you find this letter, Herman Bradly?" she demanded.

She crumpled the missive in her hand and held it from her, as though its nearness added to her pain.

Bradly drew one hand across his lips, and awkwardly shifted his feet. Evidently he was embarrassed and surprised by the question and the tone in which it was uttered.

"Found it up here, in the field," he said, indicating the direction by a nod.

The girl's lips curled.

"It was cowardly in you to read it. You had no right to suspect him of baseness."

The young man indulged in a grimace.

"You're a queer girl, Barbary, and no mistake. Scolding me 'cause I took an interest in you, and exposed the villainy of that Boston chap. Well, scold away. I've done my duty. I said I'd stick by you, and I have, and now you may turn on me like a snake, if you want to. There's no show for a feller that has to work hard and wear poor clo'es, anyhow, and he might as well be mean as to have the name on 't."

Herman turned away, as though resolved to withdraw all pretence of friendliness.

But a low, sobbing moan caused him to face about again.

Barbara was leaning against a tree; she had covered her face with her hands; the fateful letter lay at her feet.

"Cry, Barbary. I was riled jist now, but I didn't mean nothing."

The young man tried to speak soothingly. He laid one large, grimy hand upon the wealth of glossy brown braids that crowned the drooping head.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! Why did you go? If you only were here, I know you could explain this terrible mystery. There is a mistake—a dreadful, cruel mistake, for you could not be so base as to deceive me."

"Don't take on so, Barbary. That scamp ain't worth it."

She uncovered her eyes. They were fearless, but there was such a look of suffering in their depths that Herman Bradly drew back, clenching his brawny hands.

"If I had the cuss here I'd make him—"

She interrupted his vehement utterance by a deprecating gesture.

"Don't speak so, Herman," she implored.

"Why not? Don't he deserve it, I'd like to know?"

"No, I think not."

She stooped and recovered the letter, and with trembling fingers returned it to the envelope.

"There is a mistake of some sort," she went on, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "and I will not condemn him until he has a chance to refute this evidence of his duplicity. I have read of lovers being parted by mistakes like this, where if a chance for explanation were given all would have been made clear."

"So you don't believe the evidence of your own eyes, Barbary?" Herman exclaimed.

"I think there is a mistake of some kind—that is all. There may be two Arthur Cliftons, or——"

"Fudge! You're blind as a bat, girl. Give me the letter, and let me show you how plain it all is!"

Mechanically she gave up the missive. And, with darkening brow, the young man went on:

"I haven't told you all I know 'bout this letter. I didn't want you to think I was too hard ag'in Clifton because he had sort of cut me out. And, besides, I was afeard you would come out too bitter ag'in' me for meddling. But, I'm going to tell you the whole on't, now, for it will show you that this letter belongs to the same Arthur Clifton that kissed you good-by under these trees a little while ago."

Bradly paused a moment to note the effect of his words. But Barbara only stood in mute suffering before him, listening with intense, fascinated eagerness.

"This letter came to the Fairfield post office pretty nigh a week ago," the young man went on, "and I fetched it to Mr. Clifton myself. You see, he told me to fetch his letters, if he had any, and that's how I come to do it. I had my s'picions about him before, and had been watching him. The handwriting and postmark on this envelope made me more s'picious. When I handed it to him he kind of flushed up, as though he felt guilty about something. Then I was about sure that he had a sweetheart in Boston, and that this letter was from her. What I did afterwards was for your sake, Barbary."

"Well, what did you do?" she asked as he hesitated.

"I watched my chance and stole the letter from his pocket."

"And you read it?"

"'Nough on't to see that it was from a girl, and that she had pretty strong claims on him. Then I made up my mind that he wouldn't get the letter again till you had seen it."

Herman Bradly expected her to reproach him again for his own reprehensible conduct. But she did not do so. She only said, in a strange, husky tone:

"You have presented proofs enough, Herman. I am glad you have undeceived me concerning Mr. Clifton."

She turned away as she spoke and moved slowly toward the house. He started to follow her, but she motioned him back.

"Leave me alone, please. I do not wish to talk now," she said.

Barbara entered the cottage, and made her way to her own room. There she seated herself by a window, and gazed fixedly out upon the landscape.

Less than an hour ago she had been standing beneath the elms listening to words of love and tenderness from the lips of Arthur Clifton. Then he had seemed like a prince of honor and manliness. With all the strength of her pure, gentle heart she loved this man.

It seemed to her now that a year had passed since she bade him good-by, and listened to his promise to return and claim her for his own. It seemed as though a lifetime of trial and suffering had intervened between their parting and the present. Then she was but a girl, with buoyant hopes and full to overflowing with the joy of loving. Now she had become a woman, chastened with the suffering of only an hour; yet so keen and deep had been the pain that every vestige of color had fled from her face, and a certain maturity had been lent to its expression.

She had read that fatal letter hastily, almost at a glance. Yet every line of its contents were impressed so vividly upon her memory that she could have repeated them now word for word.

The missive bore the date of a few days before. It was quite brief, and in substance as follows:

DEAREST ARTHUR—Why do you not write to me, or return to Boston? I am deeply concerned about you, as you ought to realize. Only three months hence our wedding day will arrive; and yet you have failed to meet me at either of the resorts appointed, and you have not even answered my letters sent you several weeks since. If you are ill, send me word and I will come to you. In any case do not keep me longer in suspense.

Yours, in great anxiety.

GERALDINE LYLE.

That the letter was genuine there could be no doubt. Nor could it be possible that there was more than one Arthur Clifton in the vicinity.

There could be but one conclusion for gentle little Barbara. The handsome, princely gentleman who had won the devotion of her whole heart, life and soul was the betrothed husband of another—a brilliant society queen, no doubt.

Barbara was dazed, overwhelmed.

She could not think nor act coherently; and the night that followed was one of sleepless vigil.

But during the ensuing days her woman's resoluteness and courage rose above the crushing disappointment she had been called to suffer. And upon one of those days, less than a week after the departure of Arthur Clifton, something occurred that changed the whole current of her existence.

Herman Bradly came upon her suddenly, as he often did, as she was strolling down beneath the elms.

It was a balmy September afternoon. Birds carolled in the tree tops; brightly-tinted leaves were falling here and there; the fitful breeze tossed and whirled them, like golden fancies, hither and thither.

"I was sure I'd find you nigh this spot, Barbary," Herman observed, as he paused before her, and plunged his hands deep in his pockets.

She looked up at him with a smile.

"I'm glad I did not disappoint you," she replied. "Still you don't act very glad to see me. I wish that Clifton had never struck Fairfield. You haven't been the same girl that you was since he came here to lounge around and put on city airs."

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"I—wish—you would not speak of him, Herman," she said falteringly.

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"I believe you love that—that villain yet!" he exclaimed, his tones husky with passion.

She recoiled from him in sudden terror.

"You frighten me, Herman!" she cried, striving to release herself from his powerful grasp.

A sudden change came over the countenance and demeanor of the young man. He drew back a pace, fumbled in a pocket and produced a letter. His action recalled to her with painful vividness the occasion of the revelation concerning Arthur Clifton. Her cheeks paled with painful apprehension.

"This is for you, Barbary," Herman declared. "I jest got it from the post office, and thought maybe it was from Clifton."

Eagerly, tremblingly, she took the letter and broke the seal.

Bradly assumed his slouching attitude again and watched her furtively from beneath his heavy brows.

CHAPTER IV.

HAL DORSEY.

Geraldine Lyle was a very beautiful woman. Of this fact Arthur Clifton had always been aware, and in her presence it seemed to him that she was more charming and lovely than any other.

Her beauty had never seemed so perfect as at the moment she came toward him with those low, earnest words of welcome. A faint flush came into the velvet fairness of her cheeks; her eyes were alight with love; one slender, white hand was outstretched with impulsive eagerness.

Suddenly Clifton's memory of Barbara Gray seemed to resolve itself into a pleasant fancy of the past. That he could ever have entertained a resolution to renounce his claims upon Geraldine seemed absurd. She was a queen of beauty; she was his society equal; more than all, her woman's heart held him as its idol.

He drew her toward him and kissed her with more than his old-time tenderness.

"I'm as glad to be back as you are to have me, Geraldine," he said, so earnestly that she could not have doubted his sincerity.

She led him to a tete-a-tete and seated herself by his side. "Why did you stay away so long, Arthur?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment to invent a pretext. He must not permit her to divine a suspicion of the truth; to do so would be to cause her pain, and he reasoned that he ought to spare her that.

"I did not know that you had returned from Newport until I received my uncle's letter," he answered.

"You did not know? Why, I wrote you upon my arrival here last week."

"Your letter must have miscarried. Fairfield is a very rustic locality, you know, and its postal facilities are limited."

This came near being an out and out falsehood and Arthur Clifton, who had always been the soul of honor, felt a sense of shame at uttering it. But the thought that he was sparing his betrothed needless pain condoned the fault, to his own conscience at least.

"I was concerned about you, Arthur," she went on, almost plaintively. "I feared that some accident had befallen you, or that you were ill. You half-promised to meet me at Newport, you remember. And yet, while there, I only received a brief letter of excuses. Do you think I enjoyed the season without once seeing the one whose presence gives me more of happiness than anything else in the world?"

The young man indulged in a grimace.

"You're a queer girl, Barbary, and no mistake. Scolding me 'cause I took an interest in you, and exposed the villainy of that Boston chap. Well, scold away. I've done my duty. I said I'd stick by you, and I have, and now you may turn on me like a snake, if you want to. There's no show for a feller that has to work hard and wear poor clo'es, anyhow, and he might as well be mean as to have the name on 't."

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"Your letter must have miscarried. Fairfield is a very rustic locality, you know, and its postal facilities are limited."

This came near being an out and out falsehood and Arthur Clifton, who had always been the soul of honor, felt a sense of shame at uttering it. But the thought that he was sparing his betrothed needless pain condoned the fault, to his own conscience at least.

"I was concerned about you, Arthur," she went on, almost plaintively. "I feared that some accident had befallen you, or that you were ill. You half-promised to meet me at Newport, you remember. And yet, while there, I only received a brief letter of excuses. Do you think I enjoyed the season without once seeing the one whose presence gives me more of happiness than anything else in the world?"

The young man indulged in a grimace.

"You're a queer girl, Barbary, and no mistake. Scolding me 'cause I took an interest in you, and exposed the villainy of that Boston chap. Well, scold away. I've done my duty. I said I'd stick by you, and I have, and now you may turn on me like a snake, if you want to. There's no show for a feller that has to work hard and wear poor clo'es, anyhow, and he might as well be mean as to have the name on 't."

Herman turned away, as though resolved to withdraw all pretence of friendliness.

But a low, sobbing moan caused him to face about again.

Barbara was leaning against a tree; she had covered her face with her hands; the fateful letter lay at her feet.

"Cry, Barbary. I was riled jist now, but I didn't mean nothing."

The young man tried to speak soothingly. He laid one large, grimy hand upon the wealth of glossy brown braids that crowned the drooping head.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! Why did you go? If you only were here, I know you could explain this terrible mystery. There is a mistake—a dreadful, cruel mistake, for you could not be so base as to deceive me."

"Don't take on so, Barbary. That scamp ain't worth it."

She uncovered her eyes. They were fearless, but there was such a look of suffering in their depths that Herman Bradly drew back, clenching his brawny hands.

"If I had the cuss here I'd make him—"

She interrupted his vehement utterance by a deprecating gesture.

"Don't speak so, Herman," she implored.

"Why not? Don't he deserve it, I'd like to know?"

"No, I think not."

She stooped and recovered the letter, and with trembling fingers returned it to the envelope.

"There is a mistake of some sort," she went on, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "and I will not condemn him until he has a chance to refute this evidence of his duplicity. I have read of lovers being parted by mistakes like this, where if a chance for explanation were given all would have been made clear."

"So you don't believe the evidence of your own eyes, Barbary?" Herman exclaimed.

"I think there is a mistake of some kind—that is all. There may be two Arthur Cliftons, or——"

"Fudge! You're blind as a bat, girl. Give me the letter, and let me show you how plain it all is!"

Mechanically she gave up the missive. And, with darkening brow, the young man went on:

"I haven't told you all I know 'bout this letter. I didn't want you to think I was too hard ag'in Clifton because he had sort of cut me out. And, besides, I was afeard you would come out too bitter ag'in' me for meddling. But, I'm going to tell you the whole on't, now, for it will show you that this letter belongs to the same Arthur Clifton that kissed you good-by under these trees a little while ago."

Bradly paused a moment to note the effect of his words. But Barbara only stood in mute suffering before him, listening with intense, fascinated eagerness.

"This letter came to the Fairfield post office pretty nigh a week ago," the young man went on, "and I fetched it to Mr. Clifton myself. You see, he told me to fetch his letters, if he had any, and that's how I come to do it. I had my s'picions about him before, and had been watching him. The handwriting and postmark on this envelope made me more s'picious. When I handed it to him he kind of flushed up, as though he felt

BUTLER WILL RUN.

He Announces His Determination to Stand.

His Reasons for Running to Come After Cleveland's Letter.

The General to Take the Stump and Make a Personal Canvass.

BOSTON, August 6, 1884.

Hon. Charles A. Dana, Editor New York Sun, New York City:

DEAR SIR—As a means of reaching more querists than I can do in any other way, I write you this note for such use as you choose to make of it.

ANSWER: I do intend to stand by the nominations of the Greenback and Laboring men and the Anti-Monopolists, and I hope everybody will vote for me who thinks that it is the best thing to do. I will give the reasons for my action, which are controlling, to the public as soon as I can have the benefit of Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance, so that wherein I disagree with him I may do him no injustice.

Very truly, your friend and servant.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER'S BOOM.

The General to Take the Stump and Make a Personal Canvass—A Conference at Saratoga Between Tammany Men and Butler Men.

SARATOGA, August 7.—A conference was held at the Grand Union this evening that lasted nearly until midnight, between leading Tammany and Butler men. It was unquestionably in the interest of Butler. There seems little doubt that Tammany will support Butler. John Kelly says that Butler will poll twice more votes than his strongest supporter at present dares prophecy. The feeling here among Democrats and Republicans is that Butler's avowal of his candidacy completely kills all chances that Cleveland may ever have had of carrying New York, and makes certain his defeat. Roger A. Pryor is here for Butler. General Spinola, W. Bourke Cockran, and other Tammany leaders arrived late this evening.

Mr. E. J. Whitehead, representing the laboring men of Connecticut, and Mr. B. W. Terlinde, the secretary of the National Greenback Committee, visited General Benjamin F. Butler in Boston on Wednesday. They were in this city yesterday, where they were seen by a reporter of the Sun at the office of the North American Attorneys and Tradesmen's Protective Union Company, of which Mr. Whitehead is the manager.

"I went to Boston," Mr. Whitehead said, "to secure General Butler's services in speaking at a State labor picnic at Meriden, Conn., on August 20. He agreed to speak there, and also agreed to speak at a similar demonstration at Rocky Point, R. I., on August 19. We asked him if it were his intention to make the run on the nominations that had already been made. He said that it was, and that he was only waiting for Mr. Cleveland's letter to appear before writing his own. The question of the opening of General Butler's campaign in New York was then brought up, and there was some little discussion as to when would be the best time to start it. It was finally decided that it should be started by a ratification meeting, to be held in this city on the night of Saturday, August 30. General Butler will be here himself, and will address the meeting. The meeting will be under the auspices of the National Greenback party, the Anti-Monopolists and the Labor party. The probabilities are that it will be an out-door meeting. General Butler suggests this. The truth is that the meeting will be so large that there is not a hall big enough in the city to hold all who will attend it. There are now forty Butler clubs here, which is more than any of the other political parties has.

"General Butler did not express himself as to his chances of success. He had had some hopes, he said, that the recent Democratic Convention would place itself squarely on a Jeffersonian platform. He thinks that the Republican party has outlived its usefulness, and that the time is ripe for the building up of a third party. He is going to make a personal canvass. His first speech will be either in Boston or in Maine. He will also speak in Michigan, where his chances of carrying the State are as good as Mr. Blaine's, and better than Mr. Cleveland's. Governor Begole is a Greenbacker and a warm supporter of General Butler, and will work for him. General Butler, I think, will go to Chicago, and will speak in Ohio on his way out and back. He will certainly speak in Pittsburg. There are several States counted on as strong Republican and some Democratic in which we hold the balance of power."

"Which candidate do you think Mr. Butler's running will chiefly injure?"

"So far as we are concerned we don't stop to make calculations on that question. I believe in the Republican States he will injure the Republicans, for there are a great many Republican business men who fear to trust Mr. Blaine, and who will vote for General Butler."

"Is it not possible that many of these business men will not vote for General Butler, fearing that their vote will be thrown away?"

"The development of the canvass will remove a great deal of that. Possibly some will, but I think that party fealty is resting so lightly on the voters of the country that it is now becoming a question of better government, and a strong conviction exists that we cannot have a thorough reform except by the overthrow of both the old political parties."

"What opinion did you form of General Butler's chances in Massachusetts?"

"I conversed freely with laymen, business men and lawyers, and it was conceded, without an exception, that General Butler's candidacy would entirely destroy Cleveland's chances for carrying that State. It was freely admitted that with three candidates in the field, the question would be between Butler and Blaine. Some thought that General Butler's chances of carrying the State were good.

"I took a two weeks' trip through Vermont recently," Mr. Whitehead continued, "and found Republican enthusiasm there at a very low ebb. While I was in Burlington Mr. Edmunds returned from Washington, and from what could be gathered he had nothing favorable to say of Mr. Blaine. I was there six weeks after the Republican National Convention had finished its labors, and there had not yet been a single ratification meeting or a gun fired. I spoke to General Butler's interest at Rutland and Poultney to enthusiastic meetings."

Mr. Whitehead said that there was nobody in this country who so had the hearts of the laboring men as General Butler, and for whom they would work so hard.

Mr. Terlinde said that a meeting of the National Greenback Committee would be held in this city about August 19, when it would be decided where their headquarters would be established.

"We have several places in view," he said. "They are on Broadway, between Twelfth street and Twenty-third street. We are organizing all over the country, and will make a stiff canvass for General Butler. State conventions have been called for the purpose of nominating Presidential dates for presidential electors and State officers."

"What is your opinion of General Butler's chances?"

"In my opinion, General Butler will be elected. He will take votes from both parties, and he will grow stronger every day. The men who support him are enthusiastic, will work with a will, and will do all that lies in their power. There is no man in the country who has such a hold upon the laboring men, and away down South even now the colored voters are singing Butler campaign songs. The news that comes to the committee is encouraging indeed, and the demands for speakers and documents are large. General Butler is going to do the hardest work you ever saw. There is going to be a political cyclone. Blaine and Cleveland are growing weaker as the campaign progresses, especially Cleveland; and it is the belief of many that the contest will narrow down to Blaine and Butler. The Butler meeting on August 30 I think will be the largest meeting ever held in this country, and it will be entirely due to General Butler's popularity. There are now over 500 newspapers supporting General Butler, and more are coming to his support every day.

"We are going to begin a Butler boom here that will sweep things," said Robert Blissert of the Central Labor Union yesterday. "I knew from what General Butler said to me in Chicago that he was going to be a candidate; so when they wanted me to attend the Chickering Hall meeting, I told them to hold on. There will be a stampede of the dissatisfied Irish Democrats to Butler. They will leave the Blaine banner in shoals. We are going to begin organizing at once. We shall issue an address to all the labor unions, inviting them, after the adjournment of their regular meeting, to assemble for the purpose of discussing General Butler's candidacy. Then we shall set about organizing Butler clubs. When the general comes to New York, which will be pretty soon now, I expect, he will receive an ovation that will be a surprise to the town. I look to see him sweep the State by a heavy majority. The workingmen everywhere are enthusiastic for him, and he will catch the Blaine Irishmen as well as the dissatisfied Democrats who cannot go Cleveland on account of his antagonism to the interests of labor. Butler is really the only true Democratic candidate now."—[The Sun.

General Butler's Friends in Brooklyn.

The Kings county committee of the National Greenback-Labor party has issued the following invitation:

257 GOLD STREET, BROOKLYN, August 8, 1884.

To the friends and supporters in Kings county of Benjamin F. Butler, irrespective of parties:

You are hereby invited to co-operate with the Kings county Greenbackers in the great fight in the county for the entire overthrow of the two corrupt parties now in power by supporting the people's choice for president and vice-president—General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts and General A. M. West of Mississippi.

Those who wish to do so may call at 363 Fulton street, Brooklyn, to have their names enrolled, and thus get an opportunity to take an active part in the ward organizations. Any information required will be gladly furnished by JOHN G. CAVILLE, Secretary.

For Butler and Hendricks.

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR—Why not unite the dissatisfied on Butler and Hendricks?

With Butler and Hendricks, Cleveland would be out of the canvass, except as the receiver of the Bourbon vote.

Give the people a chance. Who seconds the motion? GEORGE C. BEECHER.

Canandaigua, N. Y., August 7.

One Man to Vote for Butler.

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR—Had the Democratic party been wise enough to take the Sun's advice it would not be now in the condition it is. Randall and a protective tariff would have given us the country. I seriously think it a duty to punish the whole stupid crowd of managers, and if a vote for Butler will help do it, he will get mine.

GEORGE S. CUTTING.

What General Butler is Doing.

That General Butler has during the week just closed attracted the lion's share of the attention of the political world is apparent and undeniable. He begins shortly a campaign without precedent, and will not be expected to allow traditions to hamper him in its conduct. The general will have the distinction of being the first presidential candidate worthy serious consideration in this generation who has built his own platform and made his own speeches. In respect of the latter, his action is, perhaps, without parallel; and in being his own platform he would have but a single example if he needed guidance—that of Old Rough and Ready Zachary Taylor. General Butler is regularly at his office in Pemberton square every day, and is likely to continue this quiet and restful routine during the week just opened. On the morning of the 19th inst., the general will go to Rocky Point, R. I., on Narragansett Bay, and there and on that day fill his first engagement in the campaign. He goes to Rocky Point by invitation of the Rhode Island Central Labor Union, an organization embracing some 4000 working people. The affair is to be of the picnic variety, and the exercises will include speaking and eating. An immense crowd is being arranged for by the transportation lines. On the following day General Butler addresses a labor picnic at Meriden, Conn., to which excursion rates from all parts of Connecticut are announced by the railroads. As yet the general has made no political engagements for the time intervening between the Meriden demonstration and the great rally in New York City on the 30th.

Butler's Strength in Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., August 9.—Lyman A. Brant, a prominent member of the Greenback party, when asked what he thought of Butler's political prospects in this State as seen from his standpoint, said that he looked for a vote of at least 80,000 and possibly 100,000 in this State for the Greenback-Labor candidate. "Ben Butler," he said, "is immensely popular in Michigan, and will call out the full strength of the party, as well as draw numbers of good votes from both other parties."

RESCUED BY BEN BUTLER.

How the General Became the Legal Champion of a Southern Widow.

[New York Sun.]

"Did you ever see Ben Butler embarrassed?"

This question was put to one of the general's most faithful friends.

"Did I ever see General Butler embarrassed?" The question was repeated slowly, and then came the following story:

"Yes, only once, though. It was in this way: I had business in Washington, and was sitting in General Butler's office, when a lady, poorly clad as a widow, and in motion and speech betraying refinement, entered and asked for the general. She had never seen him, and was evidently nervous in his presence. She was, she said, a Virginian, and all that she had in the world was a homestead, then involved in litigation. The suit was on the calendar for that day. If she lost it she would be penniless, and her children would be deprived of food. Her lawyers had that morning abandoned the case because she could not pay them, and in her distress some one, as a last resort, advised her to state her case to General Butler, and as she had nowhere else to turn she had adopted the suggestion, doubting how she would be received. She ventured some further apology for intruding, because she was by birth and sentiment a Southern woman, but General Butler waved his hand deprecatingly and said:

"'Madam, give me the history of this suit as clearly and concisely as you can.'

"She did so, with great intelligence, which I could not fail to admire, and General Butler, ordering his carriage, drove to the court house and got the case adjourned for two or three days. He went alone to try it, and was occupied for three days. At the end of that time a verdict was obtained in favor of the woman. The matter had interrupted the business I had in hand, and I was at General Butler's office the morning after the case was finished. The same woman entered, and I wondered why her features betrayed so little pleasure over the result. She handed General Butler a deed to the property he had rescued. It was made out carefully in his name and gave him the absolute title to the estate.

"'I don't want this,' he said. 'I've got no business with it.'

"'But, sir,' she said, 'it is yours by right. You won the suit, and but for you I would not have even the poor privilege of signing the deed in some one else's favor. I cannot pay you except in this way. If, after you have deducted your fee from the proceeds, there is anything left you can hand it to me.'

"The old general began to swell up like an adder as he does when unusually aroused, and he said he wouldn't have anything to do with the property.

"'But, sir,' said the woman, "I will not touch it until you are paid.'

"'How many children have you got?' he said, turning away to hide his emotion.

"'Four, sir,' said she, 'and all my property in this world I turn over to you to repay you for your service.'

"'Tut, tut,' said General Butler,' who was striving to keep down the tears, 'keep your property and use it to bring up your children. I won't touch it.'

"'But what about your fee?' she asked.

"'Why,' said the general, 'I'll take that out of the first scoundrel that comes along.'

"The poor woman's features relaxed and she burst into tears. General Butler moved about uneasily and turned his face to the wall. It was the only time I ever saw him embarrassed."

JUSTICE IN KANSAS.

Two Colored Women Forced to Work on the Street with Ball and Chain.

TOPEKA, August 9.—Queer things occur in Kansas, and especially in Topeka. Yesterday the officials whose duty it is to enforce the law put chains and balls upon the limbs of two colored women and set them to work on the public streets. This aroused the negroes to a state of indignation that for a time boded no good to the peace and dignity of the city or to the persons of the officials, and the city marshal in particular. This indignation found expression in a mass meeting held last night. There were about 1500 blacks and an equal number of whites present, the latter mainly as spectators. The women were arrested for being inmates of a bawdy house, and the marshal claims that the Mayor authorized him to require them to work out their fines. Several speeches were made at the meeting by leading colored men, and the conduct of the city authorities was denounced in the strongest terms. The speakers were especially severe upon the Mayor of the city, who was elected as a Prohibitionist and reformer one year ago, and whose attempts to enforce the prohibitory liquor law have made him obnoxious to a large class of people. In conversation with the Mayor he flatly contradicts the city marshal. He said that he had no knowledge of the women being placed upon the street in shackles, and that as soon as the facts were reported to him he immediately ordered that the women be placed in jail. It was thought that the police would endeavor to disperse the crowd, but the meeting proceeded for several hours without interruption and was conducted in the most orderly manner.

New Outlet for the Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, August 6.—The Mississippi is now within its banks at all points except Davis crevasse, Charles parish. This break occurred, March 8, and all efforts to close it have proved futile. The water goes through the broken levee in a stream 1200 feet wide, and deep enough for navigation clear to the gulf. This new outlet, which promises to carry off more water than Bayou La Fourche or Bayou Plaquemine, is now considered a permanent stream, and where it submerged the tracks of the Morgan line and Texas Pacific they have built permanent trestle bridges over it. It is larger than any stream south of the Red river.

Improvement in European Wheat Crops.

[Special Despatch to The Boston Globe.]

WASHINGTON, August 11.—The London statistical agent of the Department of Agriculture reports today by cable that the weather of the first ten days of August has been hot and forcing, and an improvement in wheat prospects is noted in all European countries, with magnificent harvesting weather.

Twenty-three Houses Burned in an Iowa Town.

SEYMOUR, Iowa, August 10.—Twenty-three buildings, constituting the western half of the business part of the town, were burned last night. Loss, $80,000; insurance, $50,000.

DOW AND THE DRUMMER;

Or, How the Liquor Men Have Fun with Maine People.

Circulars to Those Who Drink and Circulars to Those Who Never Do.

Raiding Quiet Till After Election in September.

PORTLAND, August 9.—"I'm glad to see you; hope that convention came out all right; haven't seen you since," and the drummer shook hands with THE GLOBE reporter and greeted him as warmly as he might an old friend. The convention referred to was the Bangor convention of 1882.

"Do you know who put Neal Dow up to this constitutional amendment racket?" asked the drummer as he sat down.

"No."

"Well, I'm the man."

"You?"

"Yes, sir; I was a runner for a liquor house then, and was a hard drinker. Now I'm in the grain trade, have reformed, and wouldn't do such a thing again for all the world."

"How did you come to see General Dow?"

"Never saw him in my life."

"Then how did you give him the idea of agitating for the constitutional amendment?"

"Indirectly, of course. You remember all about the club system that obtained here in Maine?"

"Yes."

"Well, after that played out it made my business bad. We lost a number of good customers, and the boss about got ready to abandon Maine, when something told me that it wouldn't do, that we might try some other trick and make it pay to work Maine. I told the boss my plan, and said he, 'Bill, you try it;' and so I started for Maine.

"I made the grand tour of the State and by the time I got back I had a pretty big list of names of men who were in the habit of taking their bitters, and in addition I had the names of a lot of men who had been shouting themselves black in the face for years and years about temperance. I had an idea I'd need 'em. Well, after I got back to Boston and had rested a little I took a run up to New York, saw my boss, told him my plan, and

We Had 25,000 Circulars Printed.

I wish you could see one. That circular was something to be proud of, and I'm perfectly free to say it. We sent off a big edition, a whole bagful to Maine; and didn't we have a big trade as the result! Now, didn't we take in the orders? Well, I'd should smile.

"That circular was a masterpiece. To be sure, I borrowed a part of it from an old lottery circular I had, but the idea was all my own. I said that, being informed that Mr. —— was a discreet man, fond of getting his money's worth, who would know a good article at sight, I had concluded to offer to ship him some choice liquors at quoted prices, adding 'No pay unless the goods are safely delivered.' I also offered to pack the goods in such a way that their real character would not be discovered."

"The orders came in freely?"

"You bet. There was big money in it for months. We were crowded with orders for a long time, but of course it couldn't be expected to last forever. It did last, as it happened, until some fellers got wind of what we were doing, and then we had to divide the trade."

"But what has this to do with Neal Dow?"

"I'm coming to that as fast as I can. When all the rest of the trade had found out our game and commenced to play it we began to lose customers, and by and by the business wasn't worth much. Then my boss said to me, 'Bill, we may as well stop this Maine racket. But can't you get the other fellers into trouble?' I said I'd try, and I did. Then it was that I fell back on my list of temperance workers. I commenced by sending a lot of the poorest kind of stuff—put up to be seized—to fictitious names. Of course it was seized. There was a double object gained. We made it hot for the other fellers by putting the officers on their guard and we were doing something toward making the prohibitory law unpopular."

"How so?"

"By making the enforcement of it expensive. In one section it cost the county several hundred dollars to

Pay the Bills for 'Owners' Unknown'

liquor seized and destroyed. This made talk against the law itself, and Neal Dow, when he found it out, concluded to make his pet law a part of your constitution, so as to make it safe."

Here the drummer indulged in a quiet laugh and then resumed.

"The best joke was the use I made of the list of temperance workers. I didn't ship liquors to every one of them, but I did to quite a number, to enough of them to make the temperance societies lots of trouble. It was hard work for some of the old chaps to explain to the members of their lodge how they came to have liquor sent to them in such a way. I believe that in one or two cases the explanation was not considered satisfactory."

And the drummer laughed once more at the recollection of the mischief that he caused.

Rev. Henry C. Munson, secretary of the constitutional campaign committee, was asked by the representative of THE GLOBE a day or two after the conversation with the drummer, if he ever heard of a circular of the kind described being sent to Maine people.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Munson, "I have seen one of them."

"Have you reason to believe that liquor was ever sent here by parties outside the State, in order that the cost of enforcing the law might be increased?"

"Yes, in one instance it did add some $300 to the bills paid by the county."

"What about sending liquor to known temperance men?"

"That, too, was done. In some instances it gave serious trouble to our lodges, but the matter was kept from the world in most cases."

While the prohibitionists are doing their best to secure the amendment to the constitution forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, the manner in which the present prohibitory law is neglected and ignored has become a matter of public scandal. The Republican party is now the liquor party of Maine, and here in Portland the

Republican Officials Would Not Venture

to make anything like a vigorous enforcement of the law, because such a course would lose them votes. General John J. Perry, a distinguished Republican and Prohibitionist, was recently reminded that he attended a Republican caucus largely composed of liquor men who expect to be let alone, at least until after the election, and he could not say that it was not true. Two years ago Frederick Robie was paraded as a model temperance man; today he counts on receiving the liquor vote. And yet there can be no doubt that Mr. Blaine, Governor Robie and the rest are prohibitionists. There will be a "let up" on the liquor men until after the election, that is all. "Make no mistake, Governor," said a good temperance man, speaking of this matter. "Dow has not consented to this arrangement." Probably not, for it is but reasonable to believe that no very formal arrangement has been made with a certain class of the liquor sellers by the Republican bosses, but there is an understanding on both sides that will answer every purpose. As one liquor dealer said the other day: "We sha'n't have to build many traps between now and the middle of September"—a matter of considerable importance, considering what a really good "trap" costs.

"Traps" are, of course, hiding places for liquor. Some are very elaborate and costly. In one instance a hiding place was undiscovered for fifteen years, and then detected by accident. In general there is an arrangement by which the liquor in the bar can be destroyed in a moment on the approach of an officer. There will be very little liquor destroyed for the coming few weeks. The prohibitory law is not likely to be enforced in Portland in a presidential year.

BURIED BY FALLING WALLS.

Fatalities at a Fire in Catlettsburg, Ky.

CATLETTSBURG, Ky., August 10.—At 2 o'clock this morning fire was discovered in the warehouse of Patton Brothers' drug store. It quickly spread, and five large brick buildings were totally destroyed. While persons were moving stock the wall caved, and James McKenzie was caught by the bricks. While men were rescuing him a second falling wall buried David Kinner and John Graham, colored. Their dead bodies were recovered nearly consumed by the fire. McKenzie was rescued alive. Bob Miller and Sam Nelly, colored, were seriously hurt, and will probably die. Other persons were badly burned. The loss will amount to $75,000, largely insured.

The New Fort for Boston Harbor.

Boston harbor was recently examined by the United States Board of Engineers, and it is understood that the plan decided upon for the perfect defence of the city, should Congress appropriate the money, is somewhat as follows: Broad sound is at present entirely sheltered from the guns of any fort now in the harbor, and it is with especial reference to commanding this water that the proposed work on Deer Island is to be erected. It is proposed to erect six fortifications, including that on Deer Island, in addition to the forts already in existence. The outer line of defence will begin at Nahant, pass through the south head of Deer Island, and end at Nantasket head. The fortifications, if built, will be turret shaped, and will be of iron, and of sufficient strength to withstand the shock of 2000-pound projectiles, which, in these days of improved artillery, have at the start an initial velocity of 1450 yards. The fortifications which now "defend" the harbor will, in all probability, be placed upon an equal footing in regard to strength of build and power of armament, with the other points of defence.

THE RED MAN'S RIGHTS.

Troops Raze Rock Falls, Indiana Territory, and Escort the Intruders Beyond the Limits of the Land of Lo.

CALDWELL, Kan., August 8.—On Wednesday, General Hatch, in company with Adjutant-General Finley and Inspector Green of the Interior Department, visited Payne's camp at Rock Falls, in the Indian Territory, and after reading the proclamation to him and his assembled followers, directed them to leave the Territory before the following morning, or they would be ejected. This took place in a small board shanty, occupied by the Oklahoma Chief newspaper, the forms of which were being made up at the time. Payne at first attempted to discuss the legal aspect of the case, but soon became angry and very abusive in his language, calling all the government, from the highest to lowest, a pack of thieves. Cooper, the editor, chimed in with vituperation and threats. Failing to provoke a quarrel, Payne said he had a valise full of money, and he would give $1000 to be tried by a United States Court, and in order to assure the officers of a case against him would then and there sell them liquor and cigars without license or permit. He urged the officers to dine with him and offered them plenty of liquor if they would do so.

By this time a large crowd had assembled, and the officers again admonished them to leave and not return. The only reply was a torrent of abusive epithets. The officers then returned to camp, ten miles distant. Early yesterday morning two squads of the Ninth United States Cavalry, commanded by Captain Moore, appeared in the "Boomers'" camp, and, under direction of Indian Agent Rogers, arrested the whole community and took charge of the printing office. All women and children and men who were now offenders were escorted to the old Kansas line together with their personal property. Six old offenders, D. L. Payne, J. B. Cooper, D. G. Greathouse, T. W. Eckelberger, John McGrew and S. L. Moseley, were loaded into six mule wagons and started, under escort of Lieutenant Jackson and fifteen men, for Fort Smith, Ark., 300 miles distant. The paper was ready to go to press and, upon inquiry, a number of printers were found in the command, who soon printed an edition of 100 copies. The press was then carefully packed and loaded into a wagon and started under escort for Muskogee, I. T., being confiscated property, and under the law unreplevinable. The printing office and other buildings, including two boarding-houses, a drug store, cigar store and restaurant and some cheap dwellings were then burned to the ground and the last vestige of Rock Falls had disappeared.

Payne threatened to cut the throat of the first man who attempted to arrest him, but one colored soldier marched him about camp for an hour. Payne has lost whatever prestige he may have had heretofore with the thinking class of the community. He had been on a debauch for a week, and was unable, last night, to attend the conference of squatters which was held after General Hatch had left Rock Falls. The deluded squatters realize that they have paid him many thousands of dollars without an adequate return. The number ejected from this camp was about 250. A large crowd of citizens was present. They came from Hunniwell as spectators and heartily approved the course adopted to rid the Territory of the intruders. It is believed this will cure the Boomers of trying to force a settlement, of the Indian lands. The other detachments of troops have been sent to the remaining settlement, and will in like manner arrest the ringleaders and take them to Fort Smith.

A MASCOT IN A TRUNK.

Miss Minnie Figman's Strange and Painful Imprisonment.

NEWARK, August 7.—The Grau opera company performed "The Mascot" at the Park Theatre, Newark, Tuesday night, and at the end of the play, Miss Jennie Pierce heard smothered cries coming from one of the ladies' dressing rooms. She called assistance, and, upon investigation, the sounds were found to proceed from a large trunk which stood upon the floor securely locked. It was pried open, and in it was found, in an almost unconscious condition, Miss Minnie Figman, who said she had fallen into it while she was preparing to put away her costume.

Miss Figman did not take a leading part in "The Mascot" at the Park Theatre this evening, owing to nervousness, but she went on at times and sang with the chorus. At the end of the performance she received a reporter in the theatre office, and afterward accompanied him and others to the wardrobe room. She is of medium height, with large blue eyes, a round and pretty face, and a plump form. Her dress of blue and white stuff fitted her to perfection. Diamonds glittered in her ears, and her Gainsborough hat was as white as snow.

The wardrobe trunk which she locked last evening was, she said, being repaired in a trunk-maker's shop, as the lock was ruined and the front was perforated with auger-holes.

The trunk is 3 feet 6 inches in height and nearly 5 feet long. It is water-tight, in order to protect the delicate dresses it contains when the singer is on the road. It was fastened by a new Excelsior spring lock, and the lock was so strong that P. H. Coyle, the gas engineer of the theatre, was ten minutes prying the lid off with a strong iron bar.

Miss Figman was unconscious when she was lifted out of the trunk. She was so nearly smothered that it was feared for a few minutes she would not recover. Manager J. L. Gray hastily called a physician, who administered restoratives.

"I was putting in some articles of my wardrobe into a corner of the trunk," Miss Figman explained, "and I suddenly lapsed over and fell in headforemost. I was terribly frightened by the bump my head got on the bottom, but I squirmed around and raised my head. Just then I saw the heavy lid falling, and I gave a loud scream that was fortunately heard by Miss Pierce. The next instant the lid struck me on the head. I fell back unconscious, and the spring lock closed with a snap, so Miss Pierce said.

They could not find the key of the trunk, and knowing that I must have air, Mr. Coyle bored auger-holes in the trunk. I know nothing of what was done of my own knowledge, for I did not recover consciousness until they had carried me into the green-room. Oh! now my fingers did tingle with pain when I came to. I felt as if thousands of needles were shooting through every pore. I must have been nearly asphyxiated, and I am sure that if Miss Pierce had not come to the room by good fortune just as it screamed, I would have been taken out of the trunk dead.

"I have been weak and nervous all day, startled at the least sound, but I feel better now, and will go on the stage and sing tomorrow evening."

SENDING WHISKEY TO EUROPE.

5000 Barrels Sent by Pittsburg Distillers for Storage to Escape the Tax.

PITTSBURG, August 9.—Within the past three months over 5000 barrels of whiskey have been shipped to Europe for storage by Pittsburg distillers, and it is expected that during the fall and winter enough more will follow to swell the aggregate to 10,000 barrels. The distillers are doing this to escape paying the tax which they will be compelled to pay soon, owing to the refusal of Congress to extend the time of whiskey in bond. The three-year limit is now expiring, and the time has come when the owners of the stocks must either get it out of the country or pay the revenue tax which amounts to about $3600 per 100 barrels. W. J. Friday, a prominent distiller, in speaking of the shipments, said:

"By sending our whiskey to Europe for storage we are practically obtaining an unlimited bonded period. The only difference is that this country loses the money that would otherwise be paid for storage. To show you the difference: It costs us $6 25 to send a barrel of whiskey from Pittsburg to Bremen, store it for two years, insure it, and land it in New York again, whereas to keep it here and carry it for years would cost $20. It would require $3600 to pay the tax on 100 barrels of 1881 whiskey. If we send it away we have the use of the money it costs, except $1 80 for freight to Bremen, and there is no other expense but storage and insurance. The demand for whiskey is bound to improve, because there was only a one-half crop in 1882, a one-third crop in 1883, and in 1884 the crop will not be more than one-fifth of the average. A man would be a fool, under these circumstances, who would keep his stock in this country."

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BOSTON, August 12, 1884.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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Position No. 1096.
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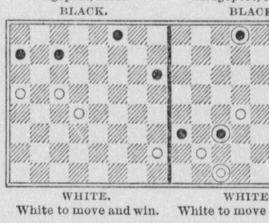
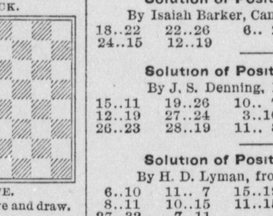
BLACK.



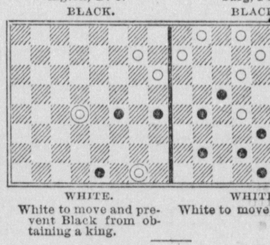
WHITE.
White to move and win.

Position No. 1097.
By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.
BLACK.



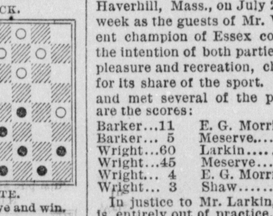
WHITE.
White to move and draw.

Position No. 1098.
By H. D. Lyman, Washington, D. C.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and prevent Black from obtaining a king.

Position No. 1099.
By J. Meade, Holmesburg, Penn.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

Game No. 1816—Cross.

The following two games were played at Wallaceburg, Ont., Canada, between Messrs. James Wyllie and D. C. Macdonald, in October, 1883.

Wyllie's move.

11..15	16..19	18..27	31..26	1.. 5
23..18	20..16	31..24	11.. 4	A-28..24
8..11	2.. 7	14..18	26..22	27..31
27..23	30..26	25..22	4.. 8	24..19
10..14	14..18	28..25	12..16	31..26
23..19	32..27	29..22	15..11	19..15
14..23	9..14	10..14	16..20	26..23
19..10	22..17	22..17	11.. 7	7..10
7..14	7..11	14..18	19..23	23..19
26..19	16.. 7	24..20	7.. 3	10.. 1
11..16	3..10	18..22	23..27	19..10
19..15	17..13	20..16	8..11	13.. 6
4.. 8	5.. 9	22..31	22..18	Macdonald
24..20	27..23	16..11	3.. 7	won.

A—Wyllie remarked that he did not notice that the man on 28 could be moved.—[D. C. M.

Game No. 1817—Switcher.

Wyllie's move.

11..15	26..17	8..22	23..18	A-22..25
21..17	15..18	32..28	9..13	2..11
9..13	24..20	4.. 8	24..19	13..22
25..21	1.. 6	24..20	8..11	30..21
8..11	29..25	6.. 9	20..16	28..27
17..14	3.. 8	28..24	11..20	31..24
10..17	28..24	9..18	18..15	20..27
21..14	18..22	23..14	12..16	21..17
6..10	25..18	2.. 6	15.. 6	Drawn.
22..17	11..16	27..23	16..23	
13..22	20..11	6.. 9	6.. 2	

A—7 to 11 would result in a very neat draw, as follows:

7..11	11..16	22..31	13..22	5..14
2..7	31..26	7..10	14.. 9	10..12
				Drawn.

Game No. 1818—"Souter."

By Mr. J. King.

11..15	24..20	9..14	32..28	25..22
23..19	15..24	13.. 9	7..10	7.. 2
9..14	28..19	6..13	16..11	5.. 9
22..17	14..18	26..22	13..17	2.. 7
6.. 9	22..15	1.. 6	11.. 4	18..23
17..13	11..18	22..15	17..22	15..11
9..14	26..23	3.. 7	4..8 A)	23..26
25..22	7..11	20..16	22..29 B)	21..17
8..11	22..15	14..18	8..11 C)	White
29..25	11..18	27..24	29..25	wins.
4.. 8	30..26	10..14	11.. 7	

(A) If 23..27 is played, white wins by 19..16.
(B) If 9..13 is played, white wins by 7..2, 6..9, 19..16.
(C) If 22..17 is played, white wins by 11..8.

Game No. 1819—"Old Fourteenth."

Played between Messrs. J. Hartley and D. M'Neil.

11..15	26..23	6..15	20..11	17..26
23..19	18..22	32..28	7..14	31..22
8..11	30..26	2.. 6	28..24	28..32
22..17	14..17	20..16	22..25	27..23
4.. 8	21..14	12..19	29..22	32..27
25..22	10..17	26..16	11..18	23..18
8..11	24..20	6..10	24..19	27..23
22..15	8..11	24..20	15..24	18..14
11..18	28..24	1.. 6	22..15	3.. 7
17..13	11..15	16..11	24..28